Sports Illustrated

MAY 31, 1965 35 CENTS

VEECK: Part 3

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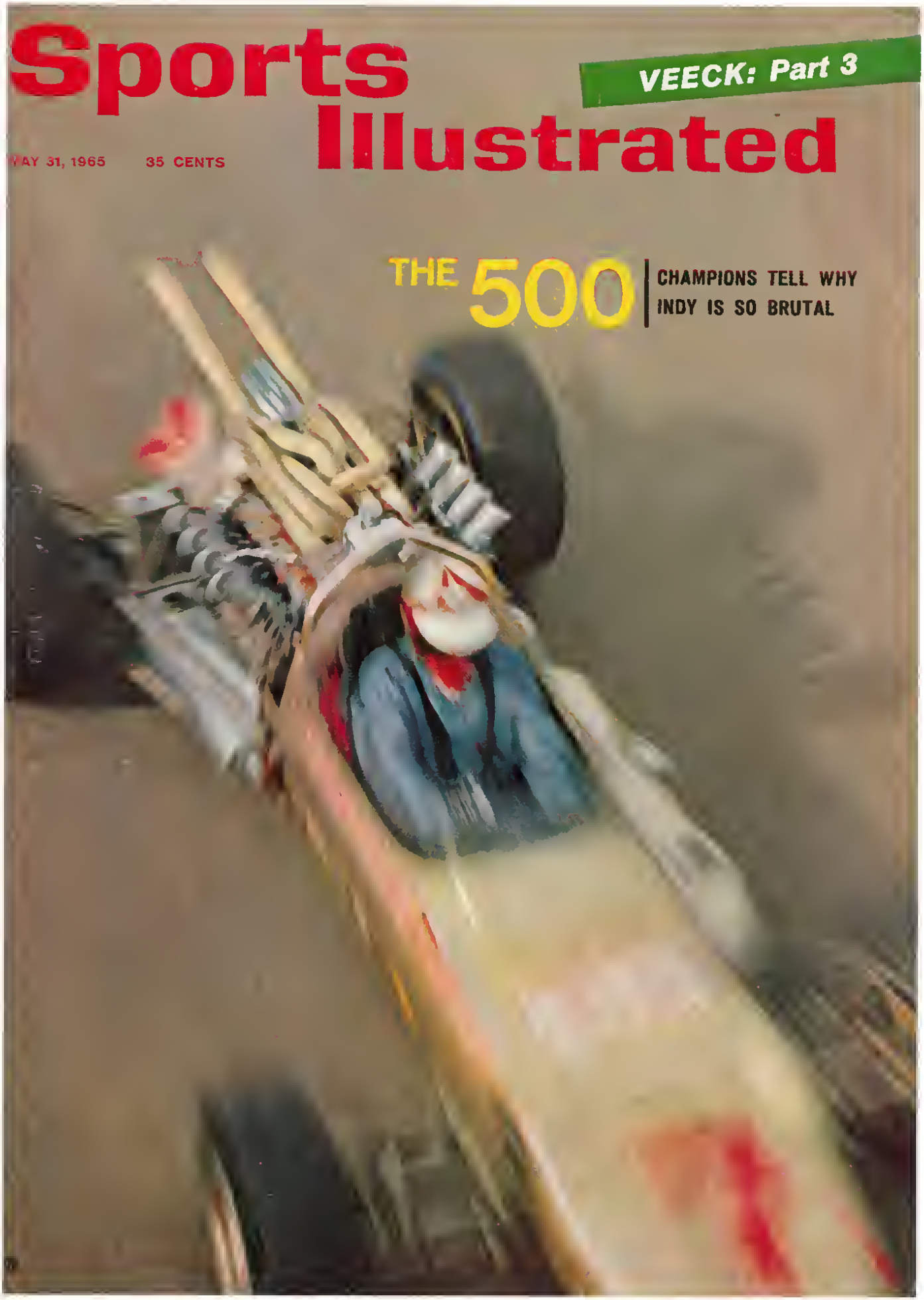

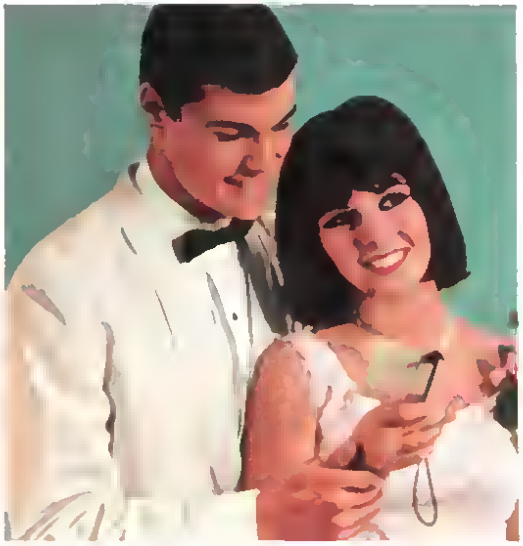

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Contents

MAY 31, 1965 *Volume 22, No. 22*

Cover photograph by James Drake

24 A New National Football League (?)
Here is a logical lineup for pro football after the merger or alliance that now seems inevitable

28 The Sad Case of the Neglected Tiger
Nigerio's Dick Tiger won his bottle with Ruhin Carter but feels as far away as ever from a middleweight title fight

30 The Big Screen Is Watching
The Houston Astros have a 10th man in their flamboyant scoreboard, which leads cheers and boos umpires

32 No Sport for Gentlemen
A month of crackups and other distress underscored an adage of the Indianapolis Speedway

42 Hiking Away to the Woods
Backpacking is a sport for the entire family and new lightweight equipment makes it even more enjoyable

50 For He's a Jolly Good Fellow
Horace Stoneham may act like a lost lamb, says Bill Veeck, but he is really one of baseball's canniest operators

76 Goodby, Kangaroos
Unless fast action is taken to limit the slaughter, Australians may wave farewell to their living national symbol

The departments

16 Scorecard
65 People
66 Track
68 Field Hockey
72 Bridge
74 Golf
97 Baseball's Week
98 For the Record
99 19th Hole

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Credits on page 98

Next week

NEW AND PLEASING power is the hallmark of the 1965 Chicago White Sox, who used to rely on pitching and speed. Now, with big hitting, they are this year's team to beat.

THE BIG FIGHT. Clay vs. Liston, photographed in full color; Tex Maule tells the story behind the fight and what to expect in the near future from the nation's top heavyweights.

SINKING is the buoyant business of Nassau scuba instructors Gardner and Doris Young. They guide Gilbert Rogin to the wonders below the surface, and to rum and ballads above.

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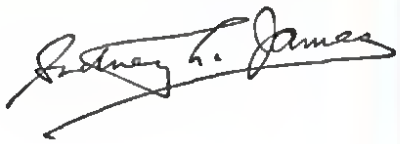
LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



In the opening pages of this magazine, along with the table of contents and SCORECARD, there are occasional appearances by two other departments that suggest something of the tremendous range and variety of the human interests involved in sport. SHOPWALK is an informed and informal discussion of anything having to do with supplies for recreation; BOOKTALK is concerned with new books (or new editions of old books).

Between them they cover a lot of commerce and literature and call to mind the ingenuity, learning and enterprise that modern sport seems to stimulate. In the course of a few issues SHOPWALK may touch on the boom in tandem bicycles and note the price of a good two-seater ($100); or it may describe the new bright-colored kites currently being imported from Formosa and Thailand ($4.50 and $3.50); or it may tell you where to buy an Irish blackthorn walking stick or a portable water desalter. The main business of SHOPWALK, of course, is new equipment for old games—but the dazzling variety of products dealt with gives this department versatility as well as value.

BOOKTALK ranges as widely. It may deal with substantial literary fare, such as Samuel Eliot Morison's *The Oxford History of the American People*, which incorporates, amid its awesome learning, much new information on popular American sports. Or it may cover a combined literary-sporting event, such as a recent dinner of The Theodore Gordon Flyfishers held to launch a collection of angling essays, or an auction of a library of rare fishing books.

The editor responsible for all this is Joseph Carroll. Born in Chicago, the youngest of nine children, Carroll studied philosophy at Loyola University (after a year at Notre Dame) and was a reporter on the *Chicago Daily News* before he began publishing short stories in such magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Colliers* and *The Atlantic*. He also served as associate fiction editor of *Colliers* and was for two years executive editor of *Theatre Arts*.

The literary events covered in BOOKTALK are usually handled by the staff writers concerned with their subjects. New works in the thorny field of conservation go to Robert Boyle, books on ducks and geese and hunting to Duncan Barnes in the Outdoor Department, works on sailing to Hugh Whall, and so on. Most BOOKTALK items, however, are the work of Robert Cantwell, whose subject is the inclusive one of books in general. Cantwell's first novel, *Laugh and Lie Down*, was published in 1931, when he was 23 years old, and the second, *The Land of Plenty*, in 1934. On May 10, 1935 Cantwell became the literary editor of TIME Magazine. After four years as TIME's book editor and a year as an editor of FORTUNE, Cantwell wrote foreign news at TIME for two years and then the presidency story for two more, but he was never very far from the book department.

Books at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED have given him the material for articles in the field where cultural history and sporting history intersect—boys' baseball books, for example, in *A Sneering Laugh with the Bases Loaded*, or Baille-Grohman's books on hunting in the Pacific Northwest that stimulated an article on the Columbia River. His article on Alexander Wilson, a forgotten poet and ornithologist, led to a definitive biography, *Alexander Wilson, Naturalist and Pioneer*, published in 1961. Now, in his spare time, he is writing a book on the Pacific Northwest, in preparation for which he and his wife retraced the Oregon Trail—as nearly as it is possible to do so by car—along the route his ancestors followed to found the first American settlement in western Washington in 1844.

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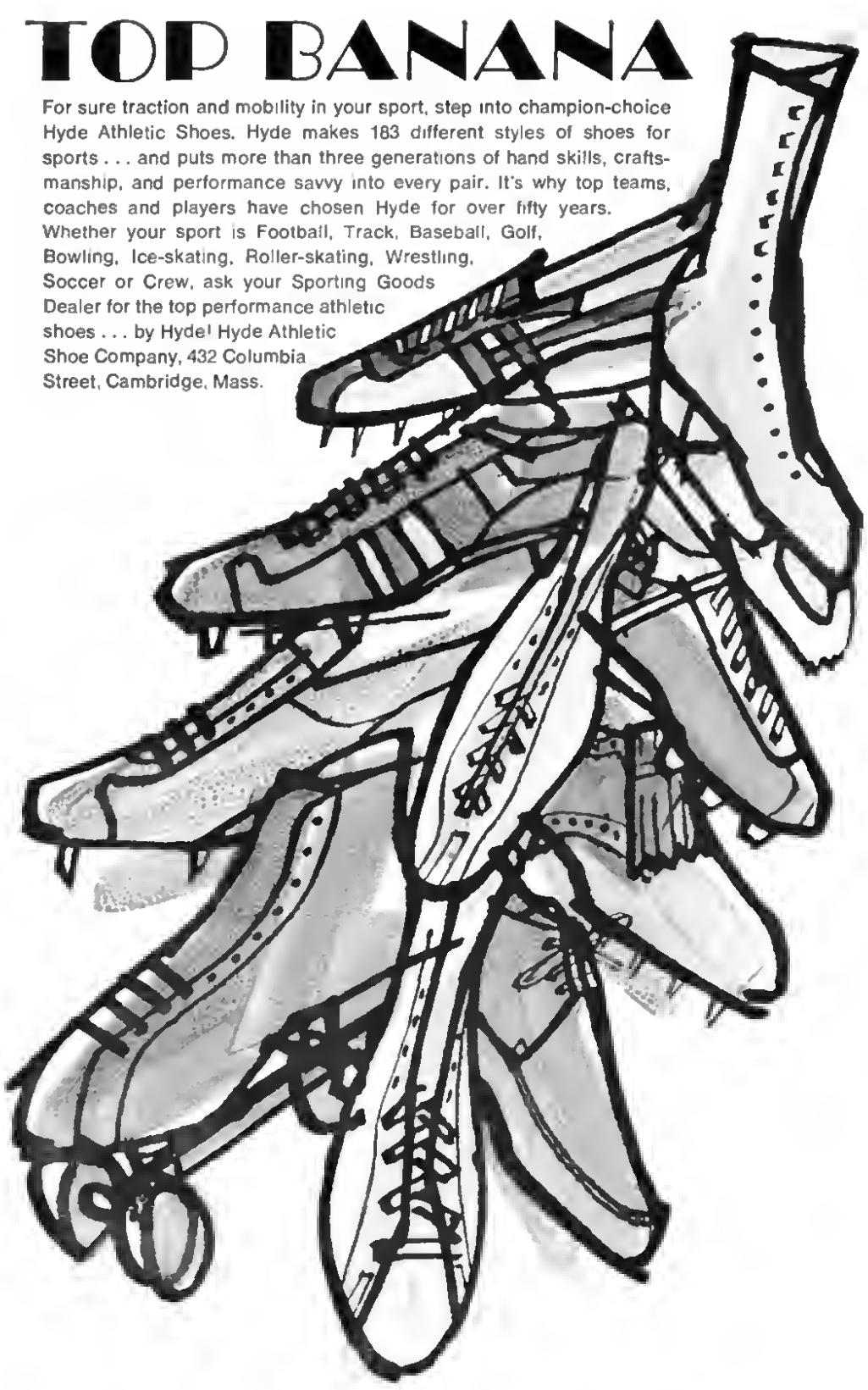

when you're number one, says Cousy, you don't have to try as hard

This is the philosophy of the Jantzen International Sports Club Relax, enjoy, and stay on top. When it's water, insist on staying on top. At left, Frank Gifford, membership committee chairman, has on the water ski blue and whites, about $6.95. John Severson, big wave surfer and publisher of SURFER magazine, wears the surfer's shirt and snug trunks, each about $5.00. Bob Cousy, director general, wears the new combed cotton swim sweater, for about $6.95; his trunks are a dollar less. Terry Baker has on the wide-stripe trunks, for about $6.95. Many colors, many styles that stay comfortable all day, in the water or out. Tom Kelley took the picture in Acapulco, near the Caleta, a Western International hotel, destination of recent club expedition

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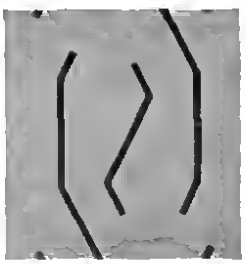

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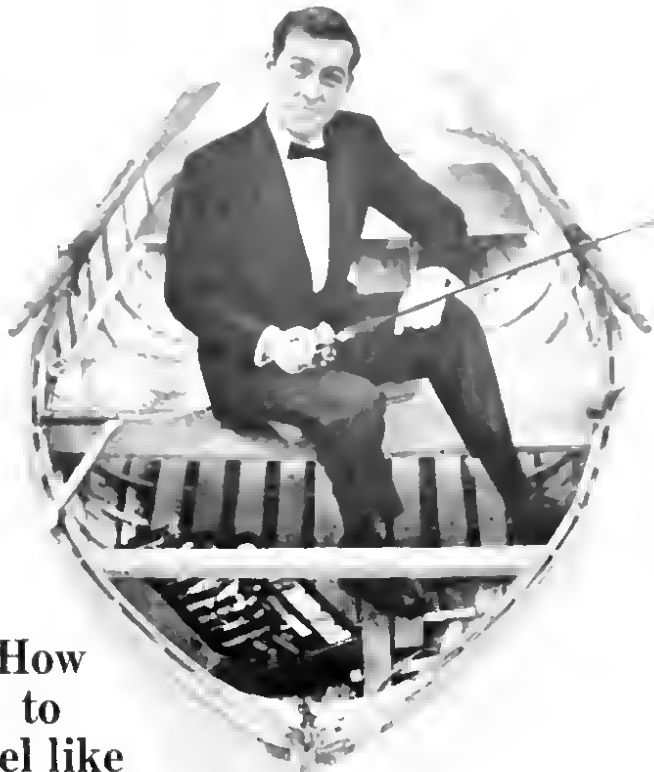

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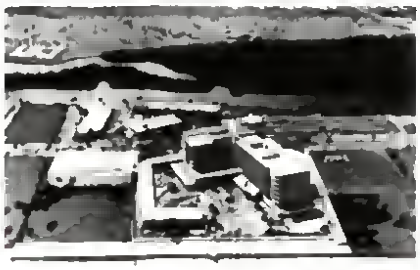

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Johnson City — Bens Clothes Shop
Niagara — Wallen's Men's Wear
Patchogue — Mac Kavner
Plattsburgh — Fuller Austin Inc
Port Washington — Chadow Bros.
Rochester — McCurdy & Co
Rockville Centre — Only Pants
Rome — Sam Simpkins
Scotia — Arkel Men's Wear
Utica — Gerald's Men's Wear
Utica — The University Shop

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown — Bohlen Gross & Moyer
Altoona — Wm. F Gable Co.
Ambridge — Terner's
Bangor — Mr Donatelli
Beaver Falls — Lisle Miller
Bellefonte — Bernard Goldman
Bradford — Custom Men's Shop
Charleroi — Franks Men's Wear
Corry — Pauls Men's Shop
Easton — Judson
Elizabethtown — David Martin Inc.
Ellwood City — Jake Oswold
Erie — P. A Meyer & Sons
Greensburg — Gongaware & Long
Hanover — Trone & Weikert
Latrobe — Mike Hughes
Lebanon — Lawns Inc
McKeesport — Gimbels
Meadville — Weldon
Middletown — David Martin Inc
Monessen — Gaudio's Store for Men
Philadelphia — Boyds
Philadelphia — Bradley's
Philadelphia — Brail Co
Philadelphia — Marvin Sydney
Pittsburgh — Gimbels
Pittsburgh — Alex Reich
Sharon — Sam Lurie
Uniontown — N Kaufmans, Inc.
Upper Darby — Brail Co
Wilkes Barre — Louis Rosenthal
York — Flinchbaugh Bros

RHODE ISLAND
Barrington — Hanson's Clothiers
Providence — Philip Wolfe Haberdashers

VIRGINIA
Arlington — Ted Louis Shop Inc
Chesapeake — The Hub
Danville — Saler's
Newport News — The Hub
Norfolk — The Hub
Portsmouth — The Hub
Virginia Beach — The Hub
Waynesboro — The Man's Store

WASHINGTON, D.C.
Louis & Dan Brown, Ltd
Washington, D C — Woodward & Lothrop—All Stores

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley — Lilley's Men's Shop
Charleston — Frankenbergers
Huntington — Amsbary Johnson
Pt Pleasant — Shoe Center
St Albans — Men's Shop
Wheeling — The Hub

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A JAYMAR® SLACK
made by people who care for people . . . who care
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BOOKTALK

James Wellard studies the Sahara and the odd characters who explored it

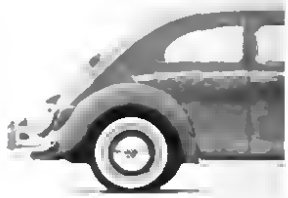
The literary works of mid-Victorian explorers managed to make heroism monotonous. Between 1828 and 1880 at least 200 European travelers tried to cross the Sahara Desert, for example, to reach the then-unknown city of Timbuktu. Only one made it, and 165 died or were killed on the way, but their reports and diaries express a calm unconcern. They "were constantly thanking God for His mercies," says James Wellard in *The Great Sahara* (Dutton, $6.95), "never railing against Him, or anybody else."

They included people like the gallant Major Alexander Gordon Laing, who reached Timbuktu in 1826 despite 24 wounds and was murdered as he started home; Dr. Henry Barth, who spent five years in the deepest desert collecting scientific data; and Dr. Walter Oudney, a 32-year-old physician who died after finding the Roman ruins of Germa, lost for 12 centuries, "the richest archaeological zone in the Sahara."

Alexandrine Petronella Francesca Tinne, an immensely wealthy, beautiful, high-spirited girl of 17, fell in love with an English diplomat at The Hague, not knowing the scoundrel was married. Betrayed, she became a Sahara explorer. At 23 her scientific expedition into unknown land ended when her two German scientists died, along with her secretary, her two Italian maids and her mother and her aunt, both baronesses. Between expeditions she lived on her steam yacht, the only vestige of Europe she would have around her. Once she set out for Timbuktu with a personal caravan of 50 people and 70 camels. She was killed in 1869 at the age of 29 in a fight between quarreling tribes.

Wellard attributes the calmness with which people faced dangers to unquestioning religious faith profoundly stimulated by some mystical influence of the desert itself. Awesome antiquity is evoked by his account of the ruins of Carthage, where as many as 200 children at a time were sacrificed for victory in battle; or by Tassali frescoes, huge hillside paintings of men with mushroom heads and long gowns, or by the lunar desolation of land where wells were 200 miles apart and slave routes were lined with skeletons. Since Wellard alternates his evocations of the desert with his sketches of the people who braved it, *The Great Sahara* is inevitably a little diffuse, but it is made memorable by its startling facts, even more so by its unforgettable characters. And Wellard proves his case that the heroes were really indifferent to danger, the Sahara gave them that "sense of timelessness which transcends even the sense of mortality."

—Robert Cantwell



Is the small car going out of the picture?

They're growing the new cars bigger this season.

And to think that only a year or two ago, it was just the other way around.

For a while there, you could buy a car that you could actually park on the first try. And that didn't need power this and power that to get around the block.

VW is going to miss that. And we think a lot of other people will, too.

Because we think there are people who still want to put a sensible amount of money into a sensible amount of car.

So prepare yourself: the 1966 Volkswagen will be exactly the same size.

And it will have exactly the same shape.

Volkswagen dealers will still have parts to fit any VW ever made.

And the people who are buying 1965 Volkswagens won't feel as though they're driving last year's model.

Maybe most small cars are going out of the picture. But there's one small exception.

SCORECARD

BRAVO, BIG TEN!

If there is one detestable TV practice, it is having that little man in the red hat ram through a commercial by calling time out in a football game. Now the practice has been stopped, in the Big Ten at least.

Meeting in Iowa City last week, conference athletic directors voted to stop phony time-outs for commercials. From now on, sponsors will be able to pitch their wares only during normal lulls in the game. This will be good news to anyone who likes football, but it will be especially welcomed by coaches whose teams have been stopped short of a score by a defense given time to reorganize during a commercial. "Television is entitled to coverage on the basis of giving the viewer the best seat in the house," says Big Ten Commissioner Bill Reed. "Our conference takes the stand it will not adapt the game to television but rather would have television adapt itself to the game."

Bully for the Big Ten! Other conferences and pro football, please copy.

BUGGED

A year ago Mike Venezia was 19 and the hottest rider in the country. As an apprentice jockey or "bug boy"—so called because of the program asterisk used to designate the weight allowance—he rode more winners than any other apprentice in New York history (SI, Jan. 25). Was Venezia destined to continue breaking records as a jockey? "I won't know," he said, "until I lose the bug."

Last April 24 Venezia lost his bug, and by last weekend, he was on a 38-race losing streak. "I got set down for 20 days," he says. "That's what happened." His uncle-agent, Al Scotti, gloomily agrees. It is true that a jockey's business suffers during a suspension, when trainers find he can be replaced, but Venezia's market crashed qualitatively the day the bug flew. Forgetting about a 93-to-1 shot (which ran fourth), the 20 horses he rode in his last four days as a bug boy —after the suspension—carried an average price of 5.45 to 1, just about as good as anyone could have. The next 30 Venezia rode, bugless, averaged 12.10 to 1. Venezia has just been getting bad horses. Almost all the trainers who entrusted 177 favorites to him in New York last year have decided that it must have been the bug and not the boy that won 177 times, including six in one day. This is the fossilized way most trainers think, and Venezia's manifest versatility and talent will not change them.

With the likes of Walter Blum and Milo Valenzuela riding at Aqueduct, there is little chance for Venezia to get good mounts in what veteran Bill Boland calls the "toughest ever" big league of jockeys. Tracks are running in New Jersey and Chicago, but Venezia's bridges to these lesser leagues are burned. He is under contract to Greentree Stable, which runs its horses in New York and not too often.

BULL STORY

Science has at last found a way to automate bullfighting by electronically transforming a brave bull into a creature as docile as Elsie the Cow. In experiments on electrical stimulation of the brain, Dr. José Delgado, a Yale professor of physiology, inserted fine wire electrodes into the brain of a ferocious Spanish bull, bred in the best tradition of the brave. The electrodes were centered in that part of the brain which controls certain functions of personality and behavior, and when triggered by remote control, electric impulses set off a behavior pattern.

The bull, unaware of the tiny wires barely visible between his scruffy ears, charged Dr. Delgado in the sunlit ring in Córdoba, Spain. The doctor, who had never before faced a fighting bull, bravely stood his ground in the interests of science and then charged back himself, so to speak, from a hand-held transmitter. An arm's length away, the bull skidded to a stop. Dr. Delgado transmitted another impulse, and this time the bull ambled away. To Dr. Delgado, the experiment showed that some inbred personality traits, such as aggression, can be examined and controlled electronically. He believes that such studies may lead to solutions of human anxieties and frustrations. To aficionados, however, Dr. Delgado planted something else besides wires. Now, when they watch a *corrida*, they may well wonder which bull has the transistor.

HULL ON WHEELS

Art Arfons is a clever man. Last October he drove his Green Monster 536.7 mph to set the world land-speed record. The Green Monster is really nothing more than a powerful jet engine on the loose, and when Arfons is roaring over the Bonneville Flats his main concern is to keep it from flying. But record regulations require that a vehicle have no less than four wheels, so Arfons mounted his projectile on four Firestone tires. Firestone paid Arfons $25,000 for setting the record, and the company will pay him another $25,000 if he holds the record a year. Arfons is prepared. The Green Monster is ready to drag from a standing start to 300 mph over a quarter of a mile (his best so far is a mere 238 mph) and to hit 600 mph through the flying mile.

But holding the land speed record is not enough for Arfons. He intends to

smash the world water-speed record of 276.33 mph this fall on Lake Mead. He has built a watertight hull for his jet engine and, to the delight of Firestone, the hull or boat also has wheels with tires. The tires serve as hydrofoils. They lift the hull above the surface, thereby decreasing water resistance and giving the engine maximum thrust. Since there is no rule prohibiting wheels on boats, nor any rule disqualifying wheeled boats

on land, Arfons' artful amphib an can run on land or sea. In fact, under the right conditions, he could set both records simultaneously.

TRIUMPH IN CANNES

The army of critics, producers, directors and distributors that dutifully trooped into the Riviera Festival Palace one night last week could not have cared less. On the bill for the Cannes Film Festival was a color movie of the 1964 Olympics, *Tokyo Olympiad*, directed by Kon Ichikawa. The picture had opened earlier this month in Japan, and it immediately caused a controversy. Ichikawa had spent $1 million in government funds using 164 camera men to shoot 400,000 feet of film, but a cabinet minister scorned the finished two-hour movie as "too artistic." Indeed, a committee was set to work to produce an acceptable film from Ichikawa's footage.

But in Cannes the audience, which expected to be bored by sports, was deeply stirred. Critics emerged from the showing with such comments as "magnificent," "a masterpiece," "Homeric *reportage*" and "*one of the finest pictures* ever made." SI's man on the scene reports that some fans may feel that the camera does not linger long enough on their sport, but millions of people will be moved as never before. The volleyball final between the Japanese and Soviet women is a thriller, and the 100-meter dash is so exciting that audiences ooh and aah in perfect harmony with the spectators in the Tokyo stadium. The high point is the marathon. Never has the character of that race been shown so accurately, movingly or humorously. There are Chaplinesque scenes of runners gulping water as if at a frenzied cocktail party while the tireless Ethiopian Abebe Bikila grinds his way to victory.

Director Ichikawa said, "I have tried to grasp the solemnity of the moment when man defies his limits and to express the solitude of the athlete who, in order to win, struggles against himself. I wished people to rediscover with astonishment that wonder which is a human being."

The film will be shown in the U.S. this fall. Meanwhile, back in Japan, where the Cannes raves got scant notice, the committee is still plodding ahead with its own film version of the Olympics. After all, there are two *Harlows*.

ALONE

When a man embarks on a solo ocean voyage, it becomes a saga, a hardy epic

continued

show up in

SEAVEES

the new way to go casual

Rally 'round these great new sneakers from B.F.Goodrich. Good looking? You know it. And so will everyone else! What's more, new SEAVEES have the exclusive P·F® Posture Foundation to keep you light and easy on your feet. All day. All through the fun.

Whenever it's a casual affair, show up in new B.F.Goodrich SEAVEES. The ones to wear when you're living right. Look 'em up in any good store near you. Today!

SEAVEES are priced from $5.95

B.F.Goodrich

SEAVEES in colors? You bet. Besides White, there's Light Blue, Navy, Green and Breton Red.

Bob Hope demonstrates HART SCHAFFNER & MARX-manship

See
Bob Hope
in
"I'll Take
Sweden"

An Edward Small Production
Released by United Artists

*Reg. T.M. for DuPont's polyester fiber

He shows his style in the travel-proof HS&M Viracle suit

Hart Schaffner & Marx-manship is the art of looking great at important moments. Bob Hope is a star at this. When he is not in front of a camera, Bob travels far, fast and frequently. He also travels light and wrinkle-free in our Viracle suit.

A cool, comfortable blend of Daeron* and wool, the Viracle suit excels at keeping its shape. Stays neat through soggy summer days. Its well-pressed look gives you long mileage on trips.

Hart Schaffner & Marx tailor for distance, too. Example: flip a lapel forward with your fingers. See how it snaps back, lies flat. Stays that way permanently because of row upon row of interloop stitching inside. The look you buy is the look you keep.

Like Bob Hope, you can easily go anywhere and back in a Viracle suit. You'll arrive looking as cool and relaxed as Bob himself. And that's no joke!

IF YOU'VE GOT THE GEARBOX TO DISH IT OUT...
WE'VE GOT A 125-M.P.H. TIRE TO TAKE IT

We call it the Super Sports 500. We designed it expressly to match the characteristics you buy a sports car for—acceleration, cornering, braking and high-performance stability. We proved it on our blistering hot Texas test track—at sustained speeds of 125 m.p.h., day in and day out. We call it a 125-m.p.h. tire—though many 60-m.p.h. drivers will buy it. Mostly, we proved it gives you an extra margin of safety for your own personal driving. Here's just a sampling of the facts: A special race construction inseparably welds the nylon cord body to the tread for thorough protection against blowouts. You get a wrap-around tread for cat-claw traction, especially on curves. You get special tie-bars built right into the tread to take wavering out of turnpike speeds. You get our long-wearing Sup-R-Tuf rubber for extra miles and months of service. You can get all the facts from the man who sells the Super Sports 500—at your Firestone Dealer or Store. Sup-R-Tuf—Firestone T.M.

THE SPORTS CAR TIRE SUPER 500 SPORTS FROM FIRESTONE

of human courage and ingenuity battling the elements of nature. But let a woman do the same thing and adventure blurs to romance, with the perils not in the sea but the soul. The first woman who will attempt alone to cross the 2,225 miles from Los Angeles to Honolulu is a young divorcee, Mrs. Sharon Sites. She sails next week in a 25-foot sloop with no radio. She started sailing only five months ago. Even so, her venture has provoked more sympathy than concern. "I just want to be alone for a while," she explains, "and I don't particularly want to talk to anyone." Only Garbo said it better.

ADVICE

Our favorite bedside reading these days is the two-volume *Professional Guide's Manual* written and published by George Leonard Herter and Jacques P. Herter of Herter's sporting goods company off in the wilds of Waseca, Minn. It is a compelling work, offering advice on all sorts of oddments, among them "How To Start a Fire with Your Flashlight," "How to Slice Bread While Traveling away from Base Camps," "If a Client Gets the Wind Knocked out of Him," and "In Case You Have to Leave the Road or Trail in an Automotive Vehicle at High Speed in a Brushy Area." Sound stuff, all of it. But there is one that really gets us. It is called "Last Resort When Attacked by Dangerous Animals," and it goes: "If a wounded bear, lion, leopard, jaguar or wolf attacks you and you fail to stop him with bullets your chances of survival are very small. The following is very hard to do and takes a great deal of courage but it works every time if you can do it. Spit into the animal's mouth. No matter how mad he is he will immediately stop and go away or stop long enough to give you a chance to get away."

Great, Herters, great. One question: Where do we get the spit?

TENNIS FOR EVERYONE

Anyone for tennis in Washington is in luck. All he or she, beginner or expert, has to do is dial 622-5349 in suburban Bethesda, Md. and speak to Tim Coss, an education writer, a former Middle Atlantic singles champion and a man with imagination. Last year Coss noted that friends had difficulty obtaining opponents. They could not play at the same time or they were too good or too bad. This spring Coss ran a two-line personal

continued

Fly ball.

From core to windings to cover the Spalding Black Dot strains to stay airborne longer. Depend on it for extra yardage. And enjoy the kind of distance that entitles you to long, nonstop walks down the fairway. Play the ball that was born to fly. Look for the box with the bird on it.

SPALDING

You can get out of sand traps easily, now.

Why?

I've designed my new Sure-Out Wedge to all but play itself out of sand — where most golfers need help. The Sure-Out's rounded sole design bounces your ball out of sand so easily and accurately it's been called "The only shot in the bag you can buy!"

Try a new Sure-Out at your Pro Shop. Once you do, you'll never play without it.

BEN HOGAN SALES COMPANY

ad in a Sunday newspaper offering tennis partners for men and women of all skills. The phone began ringing. Each buff who called and agreed to pay $5 was introduced to other callers of comparable ability who could play at the same time. Anyone who was not satisfied could ring up again for fresh introductions, but so far Coss reports 98% satisfaction from clients.

Patrons range from diplomats to store clerks and housewives whose abilities are as varied as their backgrounds, and requests are about split between singles and doubles, with many husband and wife teams looking for mixed opponents doubles. Recently Coss began advertising for golf partners, and he is even looking forward to the winter months. Says Entrepreneur Coss, "Well, there's ping-pong."

BAD EQUIPMENT

A recent issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* has a couple of articles on football equipment that should make school officials pause. Two University of Michigan Medical Center physicians made a study of six different helmet and face-guard designs and concluded that a lavish face guard can be more dangerous than helpful. Why? Because a potential blocker or tackler coming in low might not be seen and the player with too much face guard may be hit without warning.

In the other article, a team of medical researchers says conventional high shoulder pads provide more neck protection than lower style pro pads, especially for high school and college players. "We are sure," the researchers write, "that the experience and trained coordination of professional football players enable them to avoid these injuries more successfully than do college players. Unfortunately, many high school and college teams adhere to the theory, 'If it is good enough for the pros, it is good enough for us.' This is dangerous reasoning."

THEY SAID IT

• Arnold Palmer, accepting a plaque as Flying Athlete of the Year: "If it hadn't been for flying, I wouldn't be playing golf today, because I loathe driving 2,000 miles every Monday."

• Ed Runge, American League umpire, responding to applause when introduced at a Kansas City sports luncheon: "That's the first time I've been cheered since I got hit by a beer bottle in Baltimore." **END**

You can hit the green easily, now.

Why?

I've put a specially broad, rocker sole on my new Sure-On Wedge, to lift the ball out of the toughest lies. And, you can stop the ball on the green and *save* strokes.

Hit a few approach shots with the new Sure-On Wedge next time you're at your Pro Shop. You'll never play without it.

BEN HOGAN SALES COMPANY

A NEW SURVEY SETTLES THE QUESTION:

"When you have an accident, who is more likely to help you— an independent agent or a one-company salesman?"

ANSWER:

An independent agent, by a big margin.

Most people want help when they have an accident. And want it from someone they already know and trust. It is therefore important to know which kind of insurance agent is more likely to help his clients collect on losses insured through him:

1. An independent agent (that is, an agent who represents several insurance companies) or
2. A one-company salesman (that is, an agent who represents only a single company).

The National Association of Insurance Agents asked an impartial, nationally recognized research organization to accurately measure the difference.

Their unbiased research findings showed:

9 out of 10 independent agents help with claims.

A far lower percentage of other agents do.

Their research proved that The Big Difference in insurance is the continuing, personal attention of an independent agent.

To insure your car, home, or business through an independent agent, look for this seal. Only an independent agent—a man pledged to help you when you have a loss—can display it.

Sports Illustrated
MAY 31, 1965

THE NEW NATIONAL

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

(Eastern Division)	(Western Division)
Baltimore Colts	Green Bay Packers
Washington Redskins	Dallas Cowboys
Philadelphia Eagles	Chicago Bears
New York Giants	San Diego Chargers
Buffalo Bills	Houston Oilers
Boston Patriots	Oakland Raiders

This is rumor season in professional football—each spring is—and the chart across the top of these pages is just one *monstrum horrendum* resulting from a few of those occasions during the year when NFL and AFL owners have been seen together in bars, restaurants, clubs and—you might be justified in suspecting—psychiatrists' anterooms. The chart may seem, all at once, to be absurd, insane, illegal—goofy as a beat poet's verse. And it is, of course, like a moody clack on Thelonious Monk's piano, the fartherest-out possibility of all the talk circulating about a merger, alliance, reorganization, playoff, common draft, expansion, interleague games and one overall commissioner.

But, far out or not, this particular plan exists in more than one pro executive's mind, and no one connected with the sport is willing to bet against *something* happening, and happening soon—sooner than Frank Gifford will consent to a haircut or a congressional sports bill can be passed—to bring peace to the game and stimulate even more interest in it.

Everybody knows that pro football is going to achieve that peace someday. Bonuses to rookie players cannot keep on going up. Some are so high now that only an observer at Mount Palomar can get them in range. And the general public continues to move closer to the day, emotionally, when it will either get a true title game between the two leagues or drag NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle through the streets like Mussolini at Milan.

A congressional bill granting antitrust exemptions would bring an instant peace, for it would clear the way for the common draft, something the NFL is supposed to favor by a vote of 12–2. Even Rozelle admits that the common draft is financially realistic, which is a sly way for Pete to confess that there *is* an AFL. But the sports bill, thanks to baseball and the CBS purchase of the Yankees, is hung up in Congress. Meanwhile, football's owners may be restless enough to attempt such a draft anyhow, counting on the immunity from antitrust enforcement that baseball has traditionally enjoyed. The risk involved is that a common draft removes a player's bargaining power and thereby violates existing laws.

It cannot be denied that both the AFL and NFL owners have been drawn irresistibly closer together by that great equalizer, money—or, rather, the loss of it in outrageous thousands through bonuses and salaries that competitive bidding for players demands. As AFL Founder Lamar Hunt says, "Our salaries are defeating the whole purpose of the game. We defeat desire. It's ridiculous when players are making more than the coaches." Thus, talk begins to get around every spring, and this spring more than ever, that the two leagues are nearing terms on some kind of merger and perhaps drastic reorganization.

"I hear things," says a television executive. "I've been around to most of the AFL cities and I hear things that are

FOOTBALL LEAGUE (?)

One day soon, sure as little apples, pro football's owners will blow the whistle on their costly squebbles over telent and sue for peace insteed of demages. The fruit of peece may be this hybrid **by DAN JENKINS**

AMERICAN CONFERENCE

(Eastern Division)	(Western Division)
Cleveland Browns	St. Louis Cardinals
Detroit Lions	Minnesota Vikings
Pittsburgh Steelers	Los Angeles Rams
New York Jets	San Francisco 49ers
Atlanta Crackers	Kansas City Chiefs
New Orleans Pelicans	Denver Broncos

unusual. An owner tells his front office not to sign any more veterans to long-term contracts. This would indicate that he expects salaries to drop—as they would in a merger. Then you hear the league has cooled off on Philadelphia for expansion, which, if true, is a concession to the NFL."

An AFL coach says he hears things, too. "I don't know what it is, but I got the feeling we're no more than the scratch of a pen away from getting together on something," he says.

"I'll tell you how talk like this gets started every year," said Pete Rozelle last week in a predictable NFL posture of self-content. "The other league starts it."

"No," said AFL Commissioner Joe Foss. "It starts because those birds [the owners] from both leagues walk into a place like Shor's together and talk about their problems in loud voices, and then they wonder why anyone would start to speculate."

Since they have personally participated in some meetings, though they cannot publicly confess it, it is doubtful that either Rozelle or Foss is unaware of the fact that there have been get-togethers, fairly formal ones too, among at least six NFL owners and groups from the AFL for the explicit purpose of exploring all the potentialities of reorganization at the most, and a common draft at the least. "Sure, there's been a lot of 'poolside' talk," concedes one NFL owner, "but there are no committees."

It has been from these specific meetings that the rumors have poured, from a general manager to a coach, from the coach to a scout (no one can move a rumor like a scout), from a scout to a newspaperman.

Even Baltimore Colt Owner Carroll Rosenbloom admits to being amiable on the subject. "I'll look at, explore and listen to anything the other league suggests that will benefit pro football," says Rosenbloom. "You know, rumors are discussed every time owners get together. I think discussion and exchange of ideas are good." So, apparently, does George Halas, the Chicago Bears' owner. Although a member of the NFL's old guard, Halas has always been progressive; in fact, he led the move for expansion to Dallas and Minnesota. Like Rosenbloom, he is known to oppose Rozelle's "hard line" with the AFL, and not just because Pete refuses to let him ride up and down the sideline in a golf cart.

Rosenbloom's pose is a reasonably new one—in public—for an NFL owner, and so is the contrary one that New York Jet Owner Sonny Werblin has adopted in the AFL. "I'm not for a merger or a common draft," says Werblin. "I'm for expansion of our own league and I'm for Atlanta and Philadelphia coming in right away. I like areas with people. As for the signings, I'd rather take my chances."

He sure would. He paid $600,000 for the combined services of Alabama's Joe Namath and Notre Dame's John Huarte, and those deals alone by the man who

continued

turned the AFL's New York franchise into an overnight success may have done more to make the NFL "think" merger than anything else. "Some of our guys throw money away like it's glue," says an NFL scout, "but this Werblin – he's got 'em blinking."

The most logical thing to expect, certainly within two years and perhaps as early as next December, is a reorganization along these lines: a common draft, a playoff game, one commissioner and two league presidents, both leagues keeping their identity and current opponents, except that the AFL would expand to 10 clubs, taking in Atlanta and New Orleans or Philadelphia. The feeling among nearly all nonattributable sources ("I can't talk about it, we first need the sports bill," says one owner) is that all this can be done if the antitrust climate is assuredly amiable.

Fortunately for the owners, pro football's fans do not worry themselves about such confusing things as antitrust legislation. They are inclined to regard it as something big business should be concerned with in Pittsburgh, or wherever big business keeps itself. Nor do the fans care much about the common draft and how it could be worked out on won-lost percentages and coin flips. Instead, they are interested only in who is going to play whom when the leagues do come together, whether a safety man can field a punt under a leaky dome and whether Joe Namath could survive a Sam Huff blitz.

Although the realignment cited in the chart on the previous pages is the least likely to occur in the immediate future, it is by far the most provocative. And who is to say that in five years it would not also be the best? Consider: each division retains a national flavor and yet makes geographical sense, as opposed to the current setup where no division in either league makes any sense (*Dallas and St. Louis in the NFL's East*"). Also this setup, featuring four six-team divisions, is carefully plotted to avoid conflicts in major cities where there would be two teams: New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco-Oakland. This prevents wholesale television blackouts. Moreover, the plan makes possible splendid rivalries within each division, some of which do exist and others that would, once play began, develop naturally.

Take the Eastern Division of the National Conference. There are three natural rivalries: New York-Philadelphia, Washington-Baltimore, Buffalo-Boston. Take the Western Division of the same conference. You have Dallas-Houston, Green Bay-Chicago, San Diego-Oakland.

The two 12-team conferences would have limitless schedule and playoff possibilities. In the regular season each team would meet the other five in its division twice, home and home. Each team then could schedule four, even six, "outside" games—a 16-game schedule would merely eliminate two exhibitions—with other teams in either conference. A rotation system could even be established so that, eventually, fans in every city would see every team in a brief period of years.

But the greatest benefit of the format would be the elimination of "losers." With divisions, four separate races would be in progress, and only five teams in each would lose out. The plan would also hold up with further expansion. Eight more cities could be added, two in each division, and pro football would still be better off than major league baseball, which currently has nine "losers" in both the National and American Leagues.

"The interesting thing about all these rumors," says Kansas City Owner La-

Surprise advocate of conciliatory NFL attitude is Chicago's Halas

Kansas City's Hunt says today's salaries defeat purpose of the game

mar Hunt, "is that this year—for the first time—they talk about adding teams instead of subtracting them. In 1960 it was said the NFL would take in two teams, and the other six would go out of business. The next rumor jumped to four, then to six. Now we hear all eight, plus two. That's an addition of four teams over the previous rumor."

The AFL alone could add 56 teams if it wanted eight clubs in Philadelphia, six in Washington, three in Atlanta, and, possibly, a club in Bend Down, North Dakota. Foss has exactly 56 applications for franchises in his desk drawer at the present time. They come from everywhere—such people and organizations as Arthur Allyn (the Chicago White Sox owner), Houston's John Mecom, Westinghouse, the Cox Broadcasting Company of Atlanta, and New Orleans' Dave Dixon. Everybody wants in. Dixon has been struggling for five years to get some kind of pro football in New Orleans. He is even involved now in the possibility of a winter league, a six-team circuit comprised of major cities whose owners would bid against the NFL and AFL for talent, would play from January through Memorial Day, hopefully under domes everywhere. Happily for football, he would settle for an AFL franchise, and might well get one June 7 when the AFL owners meet at Monmouth Park, N.J. Atlanta is automatic, if the league expands, and the owners are evenly split on whether the other new city should be New Orleans, which has warm weather, or Philadelphia, which has people and an NFL tenant.

There are factors other than the costly bidding rivalry that have spawned the latest rumors. The AFL's contract with NBC-TV, which runs through the 1969 season, has insured the league's presence on the scene. While the contract cannot compare with the NFL's CBS-TV deal, it will give each club as much as $900,000 by the fifth season, or in 1969. Television thus has made each AFL franchise so valuable that Denver has been kept in Denver, rejecting $6 million offers from syndicates in Atlanta and Chicago. Another thing is the remarkable progress the AFL has made with its stadiums. Houston has the Astrodome and a luxury capacity of 53,000. The Jets have Shea with its 60,000. Oakland's new stadium will be ready for the 1966 season with room for 48,500. If that seems low as compared to Cleveland's 80,000, consider that Dallas Owner Clint Murchison of the NFL believes that no football stadium should hold more than 55,000 because that is the limit of good seating and high-priced tickets. "I want to remodel the Cotton Bowl, sinking the floor to create more good seats, move the State Fair midway and get some more access roads in here," says Clint, as casually as he would say he is going down to his island in the Bahamas for the week end. Elsewhere in the AFL, Buffalo and Denver have increased their number of seats, Kansas City and Boston have good prospects for new stadiums, and San Diego, if it does not get a new stadium, will move either to Anaheim or Los Angeles.

"It may be hard to think about realignment now," says an AFL owner, "because of the current image you hold about each team. But in five years, with every club solid and in a good stadium . . . that's the way to consider it. A lot of teams will have a very different image by then. There might be several of us who would not feel so adamant about preserving the identity of our league."

That seems true enough. In five more years, the AFL might well have outrun the rumor that Harry Wismer was once a part of it. **END**

The way New York's Werblin spends the Jets' money worries the NFL

Baltimore's Rosenbloom is ready to talk business with the AFL

SAD CASE OF A NEGLECTED TIGER

Nigeria's Dick Tiger, with an easy win over tough Rubin Carter, proved again that he is as good a middleweight as wary Champion Joey Giardello could hope to find. But will they meet? Joey is in no hurry

by MARK KRAM

Pinched by a large knot of reporters into his dressing room last week at Madison Square Garden, Dick Tiger was shedding his robe and his gloves, and as the questions fell it became obvious he was shedding something else—his faith or, as H. L. Mencken wrote, "an illogical belief in the occurrence of the improbable."

Tiger, neatly and furiously, had just destroyed Rubin Carter, but he was impassive and no more elated than a shoemaker who has just finished operating on one of 50 pairs of shoes. Outside, in the dim glow of the Garden lobby, people were calling him the best middleweight around, but there in the dressing room Tiger, visibly disheartened and frustrated, knew that he was just a fighter with no place to go. He had given up—not on himself but on Joey Giardello, the middleweight champion who, critics contend, is responsible for the ridiculous inertia in the best division in boxing.

"I am going home," said Tiger, hammering each word crisply. "In Nigeria I have a bookstore and some real estate. I am not broke. I do not need Giardello. He is no gentleman. A gentleman keeps his word. Eighteen months ago [when Tiger lost the title to Giardello in Atlantic City] he promised we would fight again. And then again here in March, after I beat Rivero, he came in my dressing room and said right before the press, 'Tiger, I will fight you next.' Ha! I am glad I met many nice Americans before I met Joey Giardello."

Meanwhile, following the Tiger-Carter fight, Giardello—according to Giardello—was sitting home waiting for a call from Tiger.

"Yeah," says Giardello, "I told him to call me if he takes Carter. But does he call? I don't hear a word from him. Listen, if he wants to fight me why doesn't he sit down and talk with me. Neither Tiger or his manager have come around to talk about a fight. All of a sudden I'm the rat in the picture. I'm not ducking Tiger. Who's Tiger? He's my meat. I'll tell you right now, I want him bad. But I'm not going to ask him to fight me. He's got to ask me. Not just go shooting his mouth in the press. I'm the champion. Print that.

"Also, a lot of people are saying Teddy Brenner and the Garden has offered me $75,000 to fight Tiger in the Garden. Yeah, well that's a lot of bull. Sure, Brenner has offered me a big money match in the Garden, but that's all he has done. Just offered. I don't see any contract. Brenner just talks. Let him come up with a contract. The only concrete offer I've received is from Sugar Ray Robinson. The contract is there and all I gotta do is sign it. [Robinson, who recently won a tax suit against the government which had dragged through the courts since his bout with Carmen Basilio in September 1957 had come up with a substantial money offer.] I'm liable to sign with Robinson any time. Brenner and Tiger are all wet. Print that. All they gotta do is stop mouthin' off and come up with a contract, and I'll fight Tiger in the Garden in August or September. But I don't hear from none of those bigmouths."

Giardello did not have to wait long for communication from one of the "bigmouths." Lew Burston, Tiger's acting manager (Jersey Jones is in the hospital with a stroke), called Giardello later that day. "Giardello," says Burston, "told me, 'You've got my word I'll fight Tiger in September.' He didn't mention any particular night so we'll have to wait and see. Dick is 35 and he can't wait much longer. This time we hope Giardello means what he says."

Most boxing people, although suspicious of Giardello's latest pang of conscience, would like nothing better. Tiger is, perhaps, boxing's most admired figure at the moment, and there pervades an unusually sensitive opinion—for boxing, at any rate—which holds that Tiger has been grossly mistreated.

There are a number of reasons for Tiger's popularity. To begin, there is Tiger the man. He is a courtly, soft-spoken person with impeccable manners—one feels that he should be standing in front of a big, white southern mansion waiting for Zachary Scott to arrive. The image is absurd because Tiger, articulate and intensely interested in politics, is more a symbol of emerging Nigeria than the graying, hat-in-hand retainer his good manners sometimes suggest. But most of Tiger's appeal emanates from the fact that he is the embodiment of a rare species called the professional fighter. When Tiger is in the ring the spectators know that it will not be Tiger's fault if the fight becomes tedious. "I am a fighter," says Tiger. "It is all that I have ever wanted to be, and it is all that I know. I love to fight. The fighter fights. It is that simple. He does not run. I am proud to be a fighter."

Against Rubin Carter, Tiger amply demonstrated his simple philosophy. A short man, he fought Carter as he has all other tall men during the past 10 years—with his feet wide apart and moving straight ahead. "He reminds me of those movies of British soldiers fighting in India," said one ringsider. "They move ahead in a straight line and they're getting knocked down one after another, but they keep comin'. That's Dick Tiger." Carter, a sharp puncher who also does not believe in retreat, was expected to be a perfect opponent for Tiger. He did not disappoint. Until he was later discouraged, Carter took the fight to Tiger and this is not considered wise, but nobody in boxing has ever been moved to marvel at Carter's ring intelligence.

The first round was uneventful as far as the fans were concerned, but Tiger, throwing a right—his right is decidedly inadequate—and then following with a left hook at the end of the round, found his pattern. The harmless right and the seemingly sweeping left hook added up to something lethal because at the tail end of all that motion was another left hook, short and quite explosive. It was to produce one of the more forgettable evenings in Carter's career.

Tiger caught Carter early in the second round. The left hook—Tiger leaps when he throws it, a habit that led to his adoption of the pseudonym Tiger—smashed into Carter's jaw, and Rubin drooped

Unintimideted by Rubin Carter's baleful look, the eggressive Dick Tiger feints with his right end preperes to launch his doubly dengerous left hook

to the floor, his head hanging outside the bottom ropes. Carter was up at the count of three and, though unsteady on his feet and obviously weakened, refused to hold and was soon at Tiger again. Tiger, his left hand sawing away at Carter's head, dropped Rubin a second time. Carter wobbled to his feet at the count of six, four counts after the bell signaling the end of the round. Referee Zack Clayton made an ambiguous motion with his right hand. To him it meant the fight would go on for at least another round, but to almost everybody else in Madison Square Garden the gesture indicated that he was stopping it. Tiger, obviously siding with the majority, smiled, did a slow pirouette in one corner of the ring and acknowledged the roar of the crowd with a wave of his hand. He was eight rounds premature.

After a wary third round Carter went down again in the fourth. Apparently convinced—Carter takes a lot of convincing—that he was being a trifle foolish, charging into Tiger's best guns, Carter decided to box. The idea was good, but the execution was not, for Carter is no boxer. He jabbed his way through the remaining rounds—much to the annoyance of the crowd of 9,785—and carefully, if not picturesquely, circled away from Tiger's left hand. Once he did catch Tiger with a straight right hand, but Tiger seemed more surprised than stunned. The fight was no challenge for the judges, who gave most of the rounds to Tiger.

"At least he didn't knock my socks off," said Carter, who was having difficulty later removing his socks in the dressing room. He held an ice pack to his eye, and his drooping mustache, minus the Fu Manchu ends, which he had been forced to snip off before the fight, made his eyes seem even more lachrymose than they generally are as he continued to ridicule himself. "Tiger is a great fighter," he said. "He just whipped me good. Compared to Tiger, Giardello is only half a fighter. He'd kill Giardello if he fought him the way he fought me tonight. Man, that guy is some tough. But I'm real tired. I need a long rest now."

Carter, who has been a busy fighter with six bouts in the last five months, will no doubt benefit from a layoff, but the aging Tiger cannot wait much longer for Giardello. Giardello, who himself is crowding 35, does not have time to wait, either. His skills have been diminished by the years and his easygoing attitude toward title defenses (he is so disdainful of them that he has had only one in his 18 months as the fellow at the top). Yet he is still quite "hungry." He has not made much money from the championship, and whoever he fights will have to come up with a bundle, it seems. While Robinson doesn't exactly own Fort Knox, he does have more money than other likely challengers, and he is appealing to Giardello for another reason: he is 11 years older than the champion. So where does this leave Dick Tiger, the best uncrowned middleweight around? Probably with nothing more than an illogical hope for—if not belief in—the occurrence of the improbable. **END**

THE BIG SCREEN IS WATCHING

Manager Luman Harris and his Houston Astros have an electronic accomplice in the dome's show-off scoreboard, which can lead cheers, sass umpires and do everything but pinch-hit **by JOE JARES**

Inside Houston's fabled Astrodome one night last week a member of the Astros reached first base on an error early in the game. Almost immediately the huge picture screen in center field showed cartoons of a gyrating bugle and a charging cavalryman, an inspiring bugle call came over the sound track and the right-field message board flashed the word CHARGE in letters two stories high. The Houston fans, once noted for their librarian silence at baseball games, let loose with a unified "CHARGE!" that rattled the 4,596 Lucite skylights (several of which leak when it rains, it was discovered last week) and almost woke up Sam Houston himself. But the following batter made the third out.

It did not matter. The next time the Astros made a show of strength, like heating out a drag bunt, the scoreboard would call for CHARGE or GO, GO and the fans, as conditioned as the Astrodome's air, would respond. The scoreboard even tells the people when to stretch in the seventh inning, and the feeling persists that if it suggested they go buy hot dogs, every man, woman and child in the stadium would start salivating.

What goes on in the Harris County Domed Stadium is really a new indoor sport, a combination of baseball, pinball and *1984*. The visiting team has nine players, but the Astros have 10—nine men and a scoreboard. When the Astros hit a home run, their 10th player goes into a neon orgy of rockets, shooting cowboys and snorting bulls. When the opposition hits a homer, it says TILT. When an opposing pitcher is removed, the scoreboard shows a morose player taking a shower to the accompaniment of a funeral dirge. When an Astro pitcher is taken out, the board concentrates on welcoming the reliever as a rescuing astronaut from outer space. The scoreboard is so much a part of the show under the dome that spectators at early-

Mocking a departed Dodger hurler, the centerfield screen continues to harass the new pitcher.

season games even applauded the between-innings picture-screen commercials for clients like The Jones Apothecary and Morton's Chip-O's.

After the dome and the scoreboard, third billing goes to the team itself, born at the same time as the New York Mets but not as inept and not as funny. The bosses, from the general manager, Paul Richards, on down through the coaching staff, are baseball-wise country boys from such places as Waxahachie, Texas and Coushatta, La. Manager Chalmer Luman Harris, who lives in Sugar Land, Texas by an artificial lake, is a genuine gentleman with a tough, tanned, cowboy-hero face that makes John Wayne look like a delicate dude. He is nice to everyhody but umpires.

This season Luman and his Astros started off beautifully, won 10 straight games, most of them at home sweet dome, and were in second place when they left early this month on a road trip. Sadly, the 300-ton scoreboard was too bulky to go along. At the start of a swing through California, Harris was sitting cross-legged on the Astros' bench in Dodger Stadium, where the stars and the smog form the only roof. He was happy listening to the organist's rendition of *Tennessee Waltz* and happier in the knowledge that his team still held third place. "We started on this road trip a game out of first place and everyhody, I guess, thought we'd fold," he said. "The first game against Milwaukee they whipped us. The next night it took the Braves 14 innings to beat us. Then we went to Chicago and beat the Cubs three out of four. I wouldn't say we're a folding team."

But the Astros lost three out of four to Los Angeles, the lone win coming on a fine pitching job by Dave Giusti, who stretched his record to 6-0. In San Francisco they lost four straight. Giusti started the first game of the Sunday doubleheader and was chased to the showers in the second inning.

The Astros had lost six straight games, eight of their last nine, and had sunk to seventh place when they returned to the sanctuary of the Astrodome last week. There, 93,963 fans showed up for a three-game series with the Dodgers, and 130,514 came to bellow on cue in four games that followed against the Giants. The left- and right-field message boards, all part of the same huge scoreboard, combined to supply HOWDY Y'ALL greetings and a nightly inside-the-Astrodome wind report. BLOWS IN FOR THEM AND OUT FOR US.

But all the crowd noise and scoreboard lights and combined exhortations to CHARGE did not help significantly against the two California invaders, for the Astros lost five of seven games, some of them painfully one-sided, some of them painfully close. In one game against Los Angeles the Astros forced Sandy Koufax into extra innings and eventually out of the game but lost in the top of the 11th. Two nights later the Astros lost to the Dodgers in the 14th after coming close to winning it in the 13th when rookie Joe Morgan slid home on his belly in a close play. Plate Umpire John Kibler called him out. In the ensuing argument Harris bumped Kibler and as a result drew a two-day suspension from the National League office.

Kibler was involved in another dispute with the Astros two days later when he called a Giant safe at third. Houston Third Baseman Bob Aspromonte objected angrily and was ejected. The right-field message board commented, KIBLER DID IT AGAIN.

"That's about as low as you can get, when you start putting stuff like that on the board," said Frank Secory, the senior member of the umpiring staff. "We're going to make a report on it. This is something to incite the fans. That's exactly what it's up for. It's poor baseball ethics."

Secory's report to League President Warren Giles brought a warning from Giles that nothing about umpires that could possibly incite the fans should be put on the scoreboard. Giles's son, Bill, who is Houston's publicity man, said, "Nothing derogatory was intended. We think the game is played for the entertainment of the fans. Anything we can do to put a little more entertainment into it, we want to do. There's no reason for the umpires to go around challenging players like they've been doing the past few days here."

Paul Richards said, "I'm afraid of a dome backlash. I'd hate to think the umpires are penalizing us now to show the big clubs that they can't be intimidated in Houston."

Well, there have been a lot of complaints about the dome stadium: the light glare from the sun, the leaky roof, the dying grass (base hits sometimes kick up dust in the outfield) and now the scoreboard. To keep peace and still entertain the fans, maybe the Astros should have the left-field message board battle the right-field message board in a spelling bee. Spell CHAAARGE! **END**

In beginning of big rhubarb, Joe Morgan and Manager Harris berate Umpire John Kibler.

NO SPORT FOR GENTLEMEN

WITH GLOVED HAND PRESSED TO HIS HEAD, PARNELLI JONES REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AFTER HIGH-SPEED CRACK-UP IN PRACTICE RUN

A little bit of James Bond is all right for lightweight hero worship, but for the genuine he-man it is an Indianapolis race driver every time (*see cover*). They are a raffish crew, hard, glinting and tough. They look at life with iron eyes, and they are the secret envy of every male who ever sat behind a steering wheel. It is a wonder in this age of status that there is not an aftershave lotion called Old Gasoline Alley.

The drivers come to Indiana every season at this time—to the Memorial Day 500 mile race—from racetracks across the country. They wheel around the Speedway in low-hung, $40,000 cars with sponsor decals plastered all over everything but their foreheads. They are graduates of 500 Prep, all lesser tracks are finishing schools for Indy. And they are men of solid, not fancy, names. Like Rufus Parnelli Jones. A name with a good American ring to it. And Rodger, A.J., Dan, Billy and Bobby.

One of them, who asked not to be identified (actually, he didn't ask—it was more like a threat), said, "Know who these men are? They are the Porthos, Athos and whoever the hell that other guy was—of today."

In the space of a few hours next Monday, preceded by an explosion of balloons over the track and a lot of parading about of bands and celebrities, the best 33 of these drivers will wedge themselves into their cars and blast

Proving an adage of the Speedway, hard-nosed Indianapolis drivers fought through a month of unprecedented misery as they struggled to master a new and tricky breed of racing car

by BOB OTTUM

around the track in a roaring, gaudy spectacle. There will be an ocean of people—more than 275,000 of them in grandstands or surging and flowing through the infield—and so much fried chicken and beer, so many bareback dresses, straw hats and suspenders, that even Meredith Willson, that chronicler of American corn, would be impressed.

It is fortunate that all this naive exuberance is on the spectator side of the track. By the time a race driver makes it to Indy, most of the gee whiz has been hammered out of him. The race next week will be immensely complicated, even for a man raised among the engine blocks and, for that reason, more perilous than any so far. From the inside looking out, in the 74 garages along the Alley, the 500 is a time both of tight stomachs and a pounding urgency to go faster.

In the weeks since the Speedway opened for practice May 1, it has been a place of turmoil and trouble for drivers of the new rear-engined cars. A. J. Foyt, the pole man, is the favorite to win the 500, but he already has had one crack-up in practice in his Lotus-Ford, and has had some nerve-stretching tire-wear problems. Many another rear-engined car has kissed the track wall. Even so famous a champion as Rodger Ward not only crashed but in the end failed to qualify. And there is an ominous feeling that the track will be littered with engine and suspension parts during the race itself.

The decline and fall of the traditional roadster at Indy actually began several years ago, when Australian Jack Brabham came to town in 1961 in a rakish new chassis, with a puny little engine in the rear, and took it neatly around the track at 145 miles an hour. In the years since, the silhouettes of the Indy cars have come to resemble that low, bullet-like pioneer, and chassis builders of every stripe have had a crack at designing them.

This is not to say the traditional Meyer-Drake Offenhauser roadster is entirely dead. Chances seem good it will never be dead. Some people still wear spats. Certainly the Offy engine is alive, though it, too, has moved to the rear. One cannot lightly dismiss an Offy tuned to 450 hp—there are such creatures in this year's race—and neatly fitted into a 1,250-pound framework.

This design ferment has attracted attention all around the racing world, and especially in Dearborn, Mich., where Ford Motor Company is turning out a fearsome, 495-hp V-8 engine, a racing creation that, when tuned exactly right, sounds as if it is in pain. Now at Indy, 17 of the 33 cars in the lineup have such Ford power plants, and 28 cars are equipped with rear-mounted engines. Just three of the oldtime roadsters will start the race.

At stake in all this expensive hoo-ha is fame and fortune of a special American kind. The purse will exceed $500,000. The driver who wins will get a $200,000 slice of this and a shower of lucrative product endorsements for everything from spark plugs to wrinkle-proof suits. The losers start by paying $1,000 per car just to register them, the total cost of defeat can soar well above $40,000.

But when all the glittering equipment comes rolling around the No. 4 turn Monday, and the pace car skitters out of the way for the starting flag, money will not matter. At that moment, everything depends upon the skill and courage of the drivers.

That is the moment when Jones's Law takes effect. Parnelli Jones asserts: "This is no sport for gentlemen. You can't be too nice a guy. Every time somebody gets near you, you can't just move over and let him go. You got to stand up in the seat and drive her a little harder."

Says Rodger Ward: "If anyone gets out in front of you, you try and pass the son of a bitch."

These creeds antedate the new engines by a number of hard years. Both Ward and Jones formed them racing on dirt tracks, on backwoods ovals, at nickel-and-dime county fairgrounds across the country—a free-wheeling sort of education. They are dappled with scars. Ward has a cleft chin that was not original equipment. He slashed his face badly, tearing out several hundred yards of racetrack fence around a midget track. His car was upside down at the time. Jones has a scar over his left eye; his arms and shoulders are covered with patches of shiny skin where burns have healed. Their lives are etched into their bodies and their faces.

Parnelli, 31, is a man chiseled out of cold rock. He is tough, direct, calm, unshakable. Ward is 44 and built along the lines of an Indiana Rotarian. But the cherubic look is deceptive; he is another flinty one. He won the 500 in 1959 and 1962 and in the last six years has never finished lower than fourth. He drives with great craft; unhappily, for the first time in 15 years, that craft will be missing from the starting lineup.

Jones won the 500 in 1963 amid con-

continued

troversy over the oil his car had spilled on the track. When the late Eddie Sachs complained about this the next day, Parnelli punched Sachs in the mouth. The incident, not unusual among race drivers, was subsequently woven into the Jones legend. A few days ago at the track, Jones crashed his car in practice, badly twisting the frame and knocking himself unconscious. When he awoke to a circle of worried faces he winked and asked for a cigarette.

Ward's early career could have been scripted for a Mickey Rooney movie. In fact, there was a Rooney movie on racing, a bad one, that was suspiciously parallel. In the immediate postwar years, Ward was a midget car driver, wavy-haired and rakish. He came into the big time at Indy with the reputation of a lover of bright lights and a man who had wiped out more miles of racetrack fence than anyone around. "There was a time," he says now, "when I was called Rodger the Dodger. It was cruel. But it was not without a certain justice."

In the 1955 race, just as Ward was gaining recognition at the speedway, his roadster skidded out of control. In the chain-reaction smashup that followed, the Indy superstar Bill Vukovich hurtled over the backstretch fence and was killed. An official investigation cleared Ward.

"Fifty-five was a difficult year," he says. "We had a little dirt-track car, and it wasn't a bad car. It was the one that Troy Ruttman had won in. But the front axle had a crack in it. And it had a few little surface cracks. We thought we had them welded up.

"We practiced all May, and I never could get the car to where it felt substantial to me. I almost got out of it two or three times. But you hate to give up on these things. It would go into a corner—the racetrack was rough in those days—and it would get off the ground. And the thing just wouldn't . . . well, in the race it broke and it caused this accident. Frankly, it should never have been in the race."

This year the Autolite people produced a movie on Ward's life and reformation, with Rodger uncomfortably handling the narration. The film is in color, and Rodger's early wildness is compressed into a montage of neon nightclub signs and chorus girls. In recreating the Vukovich tragedy, they shot a heavily filtered scene that shows Ward sitting alone at night in the empty Indy grandstand. This was a painful experience for Ward, who remembers the time all too well. The night after the smashup, sitting in the stands, "was the longest of my life," he says now.

A conversation between Ward and Jones is enough to make a mouth breather out of anyone listening in. They sit in Gasoline Alley, a desk between them, a row of diet-cola bottles lined up in formation on top. Dead soldiers. Cola is as strong as the drink gets during May for Jones, as strong as it ever gets for Ward, who gave up liquor and cigarettes years ago. They play gin rummy at $6 a hand, genially cursing each other.

"In 1961, the first year I came to Indianapolis," says Jones, "If I'd had the experience I really believe I could have run off and hid, I was going so well. I really did lead the race for 27 laps. Then they had this accident on the front straightaway, and they came out and cleaned it off. But evidently they left a little piece of metal on the track. Whatever it was flew up and hit me in the left eyebrow. . . ."

"That's when you got blood in your eyes."

"Well, yeah. It filled my goggles."

"But you didn't stop racing."

"Oh, no. I just sat there and emptied out my goggles a couple of times." Jones makes an emptying gesture, as if lifting the bottom of a pair of goggles away from his cheeks. "It was like I was looking through a glass of tomato juice."

The talk went on to last year's race. It had started in disaster. On the first lap an explosive smashup had snuffed out the lives of rookie Dave MacDonald and the popular and gifted Sachs. Ward and Jones threaded their way through the wreckage and, after a somber pause with bared heads to honor the racing dead, they continued racing.

"I reacted poorly," Ward says. "I lost my edge because of the accident. When the race started everything went just exactly the way I thought it was going to and I felt great. After the accident and the restart I felt about as much like going back there as. . . ."

Ward finished in second spot—behind A. J. Foyt—in spite of taking five time-eating pit stops, he had turned his fuel valve to the wrong position and it had stuck. But in the 55th lap Jones and Foyt were engaged in a dazzling, hub-to-hub duel, with Jones a little ahead when he pulled into the pits for fuel. When he started out his car was on fire.

"I heard an explosion," says Jones.

JONES GULPED MILK AFTER WINNING IN 1963, A YEAR WHEN THE BREAKS WENT HIS WAY

"The gas tank lid blew off. I had been drinking a cup of water. I turned the cup over the edge of the cockpit. The water hit the tail pipe about the same time as the explosion. I thought the water had cracked the pipe because I could hear the rumble of fire, and I thought the fire was coming out of the engine. The car was still rolling. And burning to beat hell.

"Then I stood up and went over head first. And I just did a kind of somersault through the air. I know the reason I did that was to clear the rear tire. Of course, at that point I didn't care if the car ran over me or not, because I was mighty hot inside of it. In fact, I was burning. And I think the worst shock of all was the letdown. You know, even though I was burned and I was hurting, it broke my heart not to be running.

"I was leading the race when I had come in and I had a chance to win—that kind of an attitude—and then, all of a sudden, just that quick, it's all over. No warning or anything. All of a sudden you catch on fire and it's over that quick."

Jones, heavily bandaged, doped against pain, listened to the rest of the race on the hospital radio, over his doctor's protests.

This May has been the worst ever for Jones, Ward and a few other Speedway iron men. Foyt's troubles have been nothing beside those of Parnelli and Rodger. Qualifying well, Jones rolled into a second-row spot—then wrecked his Lotus-Ford in a tune-up run and was himself knocked out. There was some doubt last weekend that either car or driver would be fit to race. Ward, as events ultimately proved, had the worst problem of all.

"Boy, I hate being out there all alone with everything hung out," says Ward. "You know, you sit there waiting to qualify and some little thing happens. Pretty soon you are so nervous and jerky that you lose your coordination. The older a man gets, the more difficult it becomes. Life becomes precious. You take fewer chances. Qualifying is the most dangerous part of the 500.

"In a race it is easier for me because I know I've got a lot of laps to use the other guy's mistakes to my favor. In the race I can run the last laps as fast as I can run the first."

Qualifying runs, while hairy, are solo dashes. The race itself brings a violent interplay of men and cars, and demands

continued

WARD, CHAMPION IN 1959, 1962 (ABOVE), FAILED IN DESPERATE QUALIFYING TRY

A. J. FOYT, THE 1961, 1964 WINNER, HAD A SMASHUP BUT WON INDY POLE POSITION

a gift for strategy. The Speedway is 2½ miles around, with four quarter-mile corners. At each end are two one-eighth mile "short straights." The two main straightaways are five-eighths of a mile each. When the course was laid out, back in the days of high, spoke-wheeled Marmons and Nationals, top speeds were only 100 mph or so. Now the cars are hitting up to 187 miles an hour on the straights and 144 miles an hour through the curves. Indy engines—no matter what their make or if they are front or rear-bred models—run the race in one gear. There is no downshifting to reduce speed for the turns or shifting up coming out of them. The Indy drivers touch their brakes as little as possible. They drive on the thin edge of control.

"To win," says Jones, "you must have the finest combination of car, driver and pit crew. If there is a small part lacking in the combination, you lose."

"In my opinion," says Ward, "Parnelli is the best in the business at putting the parts together. He works harder on setting his car up and makes fewer mistakes in judgment than any other driver. Nothing he does is rash. He is a great driver and a smart driver, he makes his car work for him."

"In the race," says Jones, "you got to follow the groove. You come down the straightaway, going all out, hugging that outside wall—the wall near the grandstands. You enter the turn high and gradually drop her down toward the inside, then gradually move back to the outside again on the straightaway. What you're doing is trying to straighten the track out as much as possible."

Jones and Ward are agreed that racing's real business is done deep within those quarter-mile corners. "When you are trying to outbrave a man through a turn you don't just drive out of the groove," says Jones. "You lay back just a little bit on them entering the turn, and then you build up your rpms. You're accelerating as much as you can. As much as you dare. You figure they won't have the guts to keep their foot on the gas as long as you. They'll back off. And then you get the momentum on them. You come out of the turn faster than they do.

"A lot of people see one car pass another on the straightaway, and they think maybe he's got more horsepower or he's running faster. It isn't always true. It's because he was able to come off the turn faster."

"When I won in '62," says Ward, "I've got everybody in the field beat—except Jones. And there ain't any way in the world I can beat him. I can race Foyt on his own terms and beat him. It was simply because he had gotten angry at George Bignotti, his mechanic, and he had decided to set up his own chassis for the race. He was having some handling problems. While Foyt and I are wrestling for second and third positions, Jones is just flat going SHOOM.

"Foyt would outrun me on the straightaway so bad—and then I would just drive all over him in the corners. Foyt is such a great driver that even when he had adjusted himself out of business he was still overcoming it with his driving ability. This is what makes him so great. He has such fabulous determination. When it ain't working, old A.J. just grits his teeth and drives it a little harder.

"I am running as fast as I can to hold Foyt and all the time Jones is getting away from me. Then . . . ."

"I lost my brakes," Jones interrupts. "And I've got gin here, you [illegible]."

"You lost some of your brakes anyway."

"How much can you lose? I drove over a spare wheel in the pits and then into the pit wall to get her stopped."

Jones, known as a man who likes to get a jump ahead of the field without delay, goes on. "The way I look at it, if you can drive away from the other guys early in the race when all the equipment is sharp—get a 15- or 20-second lead—you know you can win and you can drive your own race. Anyway, I'd rather lead a race and look impressive than run in the back and not be noticed all day."

"I like to be noticed," says Rodger, "and I like to lead, and nobody is going to get 15 seconds on me if I can help it. It depends on the situation. Last year I figured it was fine if Jimmy Clark had the lead because I was certain he was going to have trouble with his tires. I didn't want Bobby Marshman to lead. I knew he could get away.

"There's a lot of psychology to winning a race here. Once in a while you can even talk a guy out of something. You never talk Jones or Foyt out of anything, but with others it's possible. Say some driver is running a little faster than you in practice. So you walk down to the turn and watch him, where he can see you. When he comes in you say, 'Does that s.o.b. always do that in a turn?'

"He says, 'What do you mean?' He

continued

ESCAPING BURNING CAR IN 1964, JONES DIVES HEADLONG FROM THE COCKPIT

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says, 'Boy, it was lovely.' But he's thinking, 'Does it really look that bad?'

"The first couple of years I came here guys tried to psyche me. Even today they try it. Tony Bettenhausen was the greatest. He could jump in anybody's race car and go two miles an hour faster. Absolutely. I mean, you've been driving your heart out. You know your race car isn't working just the way you like, and you aren't happy, but maybe it isn't all that bad, you're just having a little trouble, and Tony takes it out and goes two miles an hour faster. He'd come in and say, 'Boy, she's all right.' You'd think, my God, how can you beat him? There was a time when Tony not only told you what he was going to do in a race—he told you when he was going to do it. He told you he was going to drive by you on the fifth lap—you started looking for him at four and a half, he was there."

As the turmoil increased last week at Indy, there was little time for gin rummy. In some of the Gasoline Alley garages, recent arrivals to the Ford camp were not technically hip to the new engines or the new chassis in which they were placed. Drivers accustomed to the old Indy roadster found the new cars tricky to handle. Nearly everybody seemed fated to bump the wall at some time or other—veterans and rookies, Indy iron men and visitors from Grand Prix racing.

Even Old Fox Ward was in trouble, as irksome as in any of his 15 years at the Brickyard. First, while others were doing motorized bank shots off the Speedway walls, he had trouble working up a head of qualifying speed. He began wheeling at 156 miles an hour, fast enough to get into the lineup, not fast enough to get into it as far up front as he would have liked. Ward wrote off two of his three allowed qualifying runs.

Last Saturday, after passing out cigars around the pits in honor of a new son, he came back again for another try. On the last of three warmup laps—rolling in to take the green flag—the car suddenly lurched into the wall, scraping a 20-foot swath, and spun in a 510-foot slide into the wall opposite. The result: the left front wheel was ripped off, and crewmen worked through the night to get the car back together. The only injuries to Ward were to his chances to maintain his role as a perennial 500 threat.

Ward's bad week ended with exactly

continued

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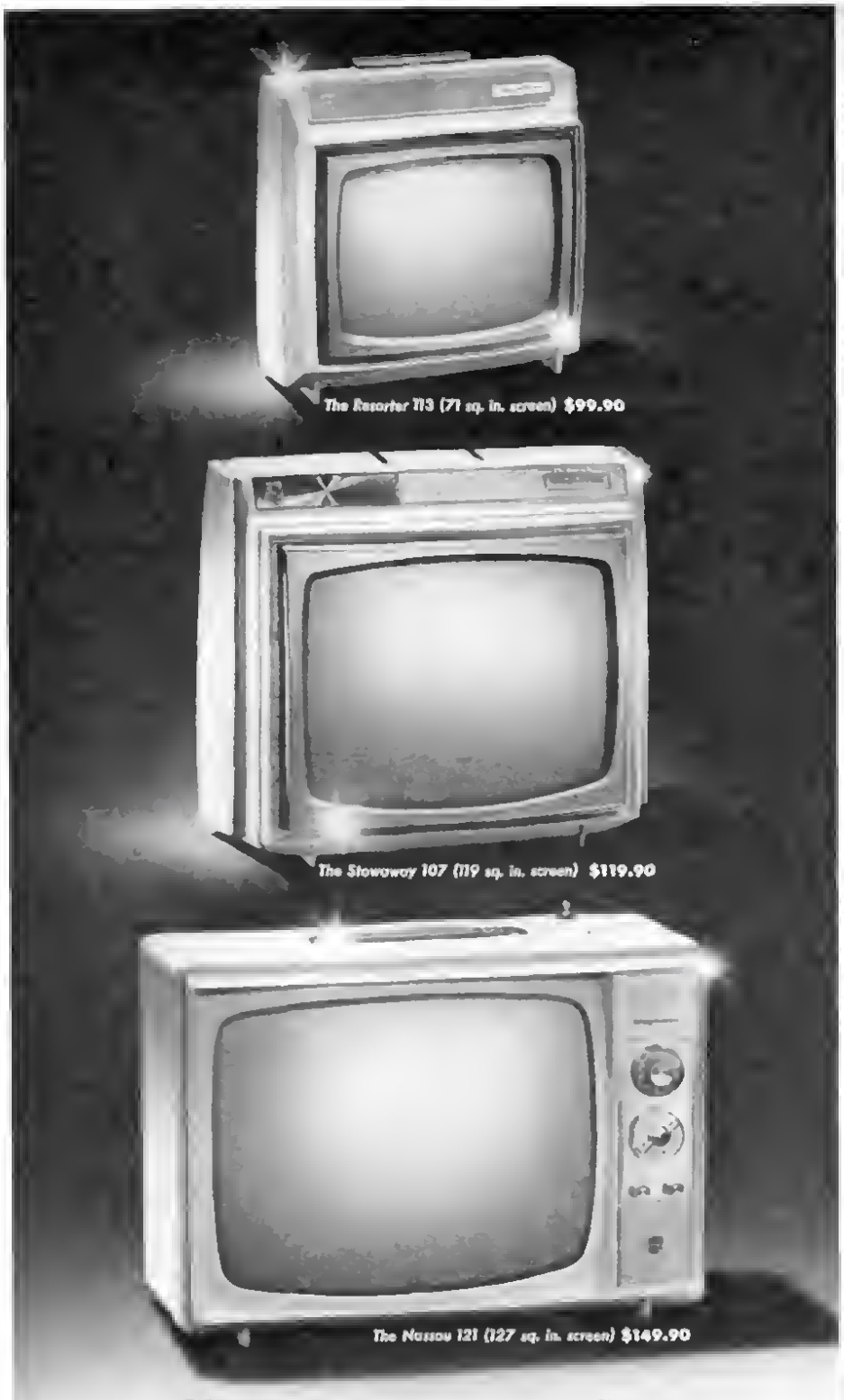

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15 minutes left on the qualifying clock. No one could quite believe he would not make it. He did one lap, two, three, four. His average speed was announced: 153.623 mph. Ward was one-tenth of a mile an hour too slow to make the lineup for the 49th Indianapolis 500. It had been a month of distress for all but a lucky few. For Ward, it was catastrophic.

Among the iron men, the longtime code at Indy has been: wearers of white collars, sports-car drivers or Grand Prix drivers need not apply. Few do. In recent years, only American Dan Gurney, a road racer of considerable reputation, and Scotland's Jimmy Clark, the 1963 world driving champion, have really made it big at the Speedway. They are accepted because they drive well and they drive furiously. They accept Indy without trying to dress it up.

Rookie Mario Andretti, 25, is the new boy in town, best of a crop of 11 rookies who will be racing. To Speedway oldtimers he is a sensation. In the space of one week he passed his driver test, then broke two track records in qualifying at 158.849 miles an hour. So far, he hasn't made any mistakes. Well, one mistake. He claims he is 5 feet 6. Maybe he is—on his tiptoes.

"It's fast here," says Mario. "But it took on a pattern right away. The Speedway and I, we felt like we belonged together right from the start. But I'll tell you—it feels like you're hurtling along out there. You know you're going when you're on this track."

Indy is a call to battle that lures the tough ones every year. Rufus, Rodger, A.J., Dan and the others. "I get so charged up for this race," says Ward, "that I start thinking about it in January. By the time Tony Hulman says, 'Gentlemen, start your engines,' I feel like I am 9 feet tall."

Not Rufus Parnelli Jones. He feels 5 feet 10, which happens to be his exact height. He looks at it all with a cold, unemotional eye. "This doesn't excite me too much," he says. "I think the reason it doesn't is that you practice every day and the people are here all the time. Of course, on race day there are a few more people. But by that time you are ready to be on your own. You are not keyed up. I'm not."

Keyed or unkeyed, as the case may be, 33 brave and determined men will be on the starting grid next Monday morning. It will be a doozy of a race. **END**

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HIKING AWAY TO THE WOODS

Generations of boy scouts will blanch at the thought and a million World War II infantrymen may boycott the movement, but America—a land pioneered on horseback, built by the steam engine and overrun with motor cars—has finally discovered the joys of walking. What began as a five-block saunter to the train for exercise and turned into a 50-mile hike on a presidential dare has now become a migration into the forests and mountains by men, women and children walking for health and pleasure. The most ambitious and satisfying approach is the backpacking trip where, by means of the lightweight, functional camping equipment now available, entire families like the Richard Macks of Carmel, Calif. (shown on the following pages during a weekend hike near their home) can comfortably carry everything they need to live well—even luxuriously—while sharing a wilderness experience that is today's most intimate approach to nature.

PAINTINGS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN

In camp after a long and invigorating day, Dick Mack dishes up a hot supper to his wife, Linn, and his sons, Josh and Jeffery.

At the crest of a ridge on California's coastal range the Mack family hikes along a narrow switchback trail above the tree line. Later in the afternoon, at a secluded campsite, a barefoot Josh Mack flies through the air on a rope swing suspended from a limb high up in a redwood tree.

THE PLEASURES OF FAMILY BACKPACKING

BY DUNCAN BARNES

Not so very long ago a man who wished to enjoy the wonders of nature while avoiding the threat of starvation, insect bites and rain in the sleeping bag had to work for it. In hot lumberjack shirt and heavy Mackinaw pants, he staggered through the woods under an unbalanced pack stuffed to the exploding point with canned goods, a sack of flour and a side of bacon, 10 pounds of bedding and a pup tent that sagged in the wind, leaked in the rain and was as bugproof as a street lamp on a hot summer night. Not until well after World War II did backpacking begin to be a sport that women, children and, indeed, most men could enjoy.

Things have changed. Today, with easy-to-prepare dehydrated foods, nesting pots and pans, tinned bacon (and butter), featherlight down-filled sleeping bags and durable mountain tents, all packed on a scientifically designed contour frame, a family can set off for a weekend or longer in the woods without sacrificing anything in the way of comfort or safety. Self-sufficient and relatively unencumbered, backpacking families find solitude and adventure away from crowds and automobile exhaust. Their campsite is lit by a cheery, flickering fire: they wash dishes and keep perishables chilled in a mountain stream and they sleep on soft, springy leaf beds. Best of all, they can forget about winding their watches. In the wilderness time may be fleeting or it may stand still, but time—in itself—is not important.

The fact that many hikers are discovering the pleasures of backpacking—from the Appalachian Trail to the high Rocky Mountains and from Tennessee hill country to the rain forests of the Olympic Peninsula—is due in large measure to the development, by Dick Mack and a handful of others, of modern, lightweight pack frames that practically walk by themselves. Mack spent 15 years backpacking throughout much of the West, in Europe and the Far East before he got around to designing a better pack frame. In 1948, after graduating from Yale with a degree in anthropology, he joined a National Geographic-Yale-Smithsonian Institution expedition to Nepal as a hunter-mammalogist. The expedition classified several new species of mammals, birds and body lice, and spent some time disproving the existence of the Abominable Snowman. On the trip Mack made one important observation of his own—the effectiveness of the crude baskets and L-frame packs with which Sherpa porters could carry enormous loads along narrow, precipitous trails in the high Himalayas. "Their loads were built on platforms and were perfectly balanced, with the bulk of the weight at shoulder height," recalls Mack. "By comparison, our World War II Marine frame rucksacks were hardly efficient. All the dead weight of the load was suspended from our shoulders, and we had the discomforting feeling that we were always about to be pulled over backwards."

Returning to the U.S. long enough to get married (he took his wife, Linn, on her first backpack trip, a month-long honeymoon trek in New Mexico and in Oregon's Cascade mountains) and to try his hand at selling agricultural chemicals in the Rocky Mountain states, Mack again went to the Far East, this time as a State Department information officer based in Saigon. "The Sherpas had nothing on those slight, small-boned Vietnamese," he says. "They, too, carried heavy loads using similar principles of pack frame design, and they had a wonderful rhythmic style of walking that made their loads seem lighter than they actually were." A year later, back in California, Mack built his first pack frame, incorporating into it the best features of the carrying devices he had observed in the Far East and those of the American Indian pack boards he had used as a boy. The result was the first Hike-a-poose, an ingenious child-carrier made of aluminum tubing and canvas. The demand for Hike-a-pooses led to other designs and eventually to the formation of Himalayan Industries on Cannery Row in Monterey, where Mack manufactures several kinds of contour pack frames (and fitted pack bags), including the Everest Pak, used by Sir John Hunt's Mt. Everest conquest team in 1953, and the unique and versatile Everest Assault Pak, a pack frame with a folding leg that locks under the platform and converts the frame into a comfortable camp chair.

With Mack's frames and several others, most notably those made by A. I. Kelty of Glendale, Calif., the backpacker carries only "live weight." By packing most of the light gear in the bottom of the waterproof packbag and building up to heavier items, the bulk of the load rides high on and close to the back. Only the shoulder and back-support straps touch the body, thus permitting air to circulate freely. "With these frames," explains Mack, "the backpacker no longer has to bend over forward to balance his load. He gets upthrust and support from the hips and legs, and lift and pull from the shoulders." The addition of a hip belt keeps the load from riding up and down or sideways and allows the wearer to shift the load onto his hips, relieving his back and shoulder muscles.

With the Hike-a-poose, Dick and Linn Mack were able to teach their sons about the joys of hiking through redwood forests, up into the rolling hills of the coastal range or along the kelp-strewn beaches near their Carmel home at an age when most toddlers are confined to playpens. "We backpacked the boys wherever we went," Mack says. "We'd stop for lunch and let them crawl around and discover streams, rocks, trees and wild flowers. As they got older, we took

continued

Along the boulder-strewn Little Sur River, Josh Mack climbs the trunk of an uprooted redwood.

them on day hikes. They carried little knapsacks packed with sandwiches, fruit, candy, string, rocks and anything else they could stuff in. We exposed them to all kinds of terrain, and they learned to adapt themselves to each new situation. The objective on a day hike need be nothing more than fishing or rock collecting, and a trail lunch of family favorites—in our case finger avocados, Greek olives, artichoke hearts, a wedge of Monterey Jack cheese, wine and apricot candy. Now Josh, 12, and Jeff, 9, both have an interest in trapping. Last year, on a three-week trip into the Sawtooth wilderness in Idaho, they caught deer mice in traps made from oatmeal cartons and kept them as pets. On other trips they have trapped bobcats, raccoons and possums, tanned the hides themselves and had Linn sew them into a fur blanket for their room. Both boys love to bushwhack—explore off the trail—and there's always a cave to crawl into, streams to fish and fall into, grassy slopes to roll down and trees to swing from. Jeff likes to prospect. In Idaho he found a good beryllium outcropping. We staked a claim—Jeff calls it the Blue Hail mine—and are in the process of selling the mining rights."

Recently the family took a weekend pack trip through a section of Los Padres National Forest south of Carmel and up to Pico Blanco, a mist-shrouded 3,710-foot mountain overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Before leaving home on Friday afternoon after school, they checked trails and availability of water on a U.S. Geological Survey map and then double-checked by telephoning forest ranger headquarters. The first night they camped near a spring-fed stream and dined on fresh lamb chops, asparagus with hol-

Alpenstock enables Dick Mack to use both legs and arms while climbing a steep slope.

GOING LIGHTLY INTO THE WILDERNESS

Although an ounce of technique is still worth 10 pounds of equipment, the average family will live better and enjoy a backpack trip more by taking along certain "luxury" items recommended by the Macks. The best lightweight backpacking gear (and clothing and dehydrated foods) can be found at specialty shops in major cities across the country. A number of ski shops and some of the better sporting-goods stores also stock comparable equipment.

BOOTS AND BAGS: The Macks prefer oil-tanned leather hiking boots, five or six inches high, with heavy-duty neoprene lug soles, padding around the ankles to prevent rock bruises and bellows-type tongues to keep out sand, gravel and water. For growing children, sturdy leather boots with rubber soles, to which lugs can be added by a shoemaker if desired, are adequate. Lugs do get clogged with wet earth, and backpackers who must hike most of the time over wet ground should consider rubber-bottomed leather "pacs." To protect their feet, hikers can put tape on pressure points (ankle bones and the balls of the feet), and moleskin or Band-Aids on tender areas *before* starting out. Tape should never cross or go around the foot, where it might cut off circulation. The Macks prefer down-filled sleeping bags because of their lightness, warmth and compressibility. A washable snap-in liner of raw silk or flannel adds 10° more warmth. A separate waterproof nylon ground cloth serves the same purpose. The Macks stuff their bags into six-ounce waterproof sacks and lash them to their pack frames.

TENTS AND AIR MATTRESSES: On most weekend trips the Macks find that two waterproof rain-fly sheets (11 by 14 feet), pitched as tarp tents, are adequate protection against infrequent showers. When they expect to encounter heavier rains, cool weather or mosquitoes, they carry two-man water-repellent mountain tents, complete with collapsible poles and aluminum stakes, sewn-in waterproof floors and zippered mosquito-net doors and windows with weather flaps. They tie a fly over the tent, leaving an air pocket in between to allow the tent to breathe. The beginning backpacker should set up his tent in the backyard before he camps out, and he should remember to allow for some slack when pitching it to prevent wet guy lines from ripping out grommets or tearing tent walls. Most families will find inflatable "half" mattresses (shoulder to hip length) a worthwhile luxury. Foam pads are punctureproof, but they add more bulk to the pack.

CLOTHING AND FIRST AID: The most useful hiking garment is a windproof, water-repellent shell parka with a full-length zipper, waist drawstrings and hideaway hood. The Macks wear tailored but loose-fitting khaki bird-hunting pants, cuffless and double-faced in front, for walking in brush. Soft, well-washed jeans that do not bind are also good. Women's stretch pants are not. On warm days the Macks wear short shorts that do not bind at the thighs. On weekend hikes each member of the family packs an extra pair of pants, a change of underwear, bandanna handkerchiefs, three pairs of wool socks, a sweater or down shirt, a pair of soft moccasins or sneakers and a light, knee-length poncho that flares out at the back to cover the pack. Linn adds a scarf, hair ribbons, *one* lotion in a plastic bottle for hands and face and one mirror. In addition

landaise sauce, fried potatoes and hot butterscotch pudding. Lassie, the Macks' Chesapeake, took care of the table scraps and two instant meat patties. The next morning the boys caught pan-size rainbow trout for breakfast. Then the family set off for Pico Blanco. They forded a wide stream, using alpenstocks (forehead-high walking sticks) to keep their balance on the mossy boulders and hiked through sunlit meadows full of purple lupine, wild iris, johnny-jump-ups and Indian paintbrush. Perspiring in the morning sun, the family stopped to rest by leaning back against the side of a hill ("You rest on your feet," says Dick Mack. "If you sit down or take off your pack, your muscles stiffen up and you slow down"), then hiked on until suddenly the trail topped a ridge and a fresh breeze cooled them off. A pair of red-tailed hawks soared on thermals overhead, their shrill whistles barely audible in the wind.

After a lunch of cheese-and-salami sandwiches washed down with spring water and a swallow of Rhine wine from a *boto*, the Macks stretched out for a nap in the sun. Later in the afternoon the boys caught lizards with snares woven of grass. Then Dick and Josh climbed to the weather-whitened top of Pico Blanco, using alpenstocks to get purchase against the steep slope, where they looked out at the Pacific Ocean dimly visible through the mist. They "jumped" down the slope, controlling their speed and keeping their balance by dragging the alpenstocks and leaning back on them. After dinner that night Dick made popcorn and cocoa and entertained the family with another chapter of "Silvertip," a story about a tame wolf and his still-wild, all-white mate. By 8:30 p.m. darkness had settled over the camp, and a light rain began to fall. Raking down the fire, they snuggled into sleeping bags and were lulled to sleep by the sound of rain hitting the tents. On Sunday morning they broke camp and hiked back to the car along the boulder-strewn south fork of the Little Sur River.

"For all of us," says Dick Mack, "it's like playing house outside. Every part of camp life—building a cook fire in the wind and balancing a pot over it without burning the fingers, or fording a river without getting a dunking—is a major accomplishment. The bruises and scrapes, dusty trails and sudden downpours are shared and overcome. They merely add to the excitement of the trip and make a family appreciate more fully the innerspring mattresses, the refrigerators and freezers full of food and the temperature thermostat at home."

to a Swiss army knife and *lip salve*, each person carries insect repellent, toilet tissue, a hotel-size bar of pumice or borax soap, a towel and 50 feet of nylon lashing rope. Other extras include fishing gear (there are excellent fly and spin rods that fit into 24-inch cases and can be lashed to the pack frame), one map in a plastic case, one compass, one camera, a roll of electrical tape, a small whetstone, a coil of pliable wire, two flashlights, one flat-folding candle lantern and a tube of sun cream. The Macks also carry a small first-aid kit prepared with the help of their family doctor.

Tent, poles and rain fly all fit neatly into bag on pack frame.

FOOD AND COOKING EQUIPMENT: Linn supplements dehydrated foods, which are always tested at home before being added to the trail menu, with fresh vegetables, fruit and meat, and manages to serve at least one family favorite at every meal. The Macks carry 12 to 15 pounds of food on a weekend trip. Linn saves weight by using squeeze tubes of jelly, peanut butter, mustard and mayonnaise. She also takes eggs (in an aluminum egg carton), butter (in a plastic-lined tin), and packs other staples like sugar, cereal and coffee in polyethylene bags, bottles and jars.

Cooking gear consists of nested pots and pans in which are packed aluminum foil plates, aluminum mix-serve bowls, forks and spoons, cold-water detergent, scouring and soap pads, aluminum foil, canvas gloves, clamp-on pot grippers, salt and pepper, spices in tiny pill bottles, a few lemons and onions and a garlic clove. To this she adds a spatula, aluminum cups, extra containers and bags for leftovers, Wash 'n Dri kits, a dish towel and a plastic ground cloth to spread food on and to cover food and firewood at night.

ADDITIONAL LUXURY ITEMS: A folding saw, folding shovel (which is also a hammer and an ax), a steel grill with folding legs that can be lashed flat against a pack frame and a tiny stove that burns alcohol or white gas.

The total cost of the Macks' equipment, excluding clothing, personal items and food, is $400 to $500. They use the best backpacking equipment and find that it will last for years.

The Macks split up their load for a weekend so that Josh and Jeff each carries 15 pounds, Linn 25 and Dick 30.

WHERE TO GO: There are 104,600 miles of hiking trails in 154 national forests and 10,200 miles of trails in 32 national parks. Most such areas permit off-trail bushwhacking, but backpackers should check local regulations, obtain maps and fire permits and leave word with rangers or wardens before setting out. Some parks and forests do not allow pets, and all insist that garbage be buried or burned. Only downed timber may be used for firewood in national parks but standing dead trees may be cut in most national forests. When driving from low elevations into high country, it is a good idea to spend at least a day acclimatizing to the altitude before hiking away. **END**

THE HUSTLER'S HANDBOOK: PART 3

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD

FELLOW

Just because Horace Stoneham enjoys a cup of kindness now and then, other baseball operators often mistake him for an easy mark. Ha, he says Bill Veeck, who shows that whether Horses is hiring a manager, trading a pitcher or moving his franchise, he is as helpless as a fox

by BILL VEECK with ED LINN

When dealing with another operator—hustler or not—it is well to study your man with an eye to his strengths and his weaknesses, his vanities and his idiosyncrasies. Since hustling begins with a devout, unflagging faith in your own wits and your own cunning, it takes great willpower and even a small dash of humility to admit you are overmatched.

One of the men I least cared to match myself against during my days of free-wheeling hustling was Horace Stoneham. Let us, students, consider Horace Stoneham.

Horace Stoneham has two occupations in life. He owns the San Francisco Giants and he drinks. Horace is a dumpy, chubby, apple-cheeked fellow who seems to exist for the sole purpose of being taken advantage of. Some of the most wicked people I know have taken advantage of poor Horace.

Item: In the middle of the 1948 season, Horace, having decided to discharge Mel Ott as manager, paid a courtesy call on Branch Rickey to request permission to negotiate with the Dodgers' all-purpose coach, Barney Shotton. Shotton had managed the Dodgers to the pennant only a year earlier while Leo Durocher was sitting out his mystery suspension in California, deprived of all company except Laraine Day, Frank Sinatra and that ever-ready deck of cards.

"I'll give you your choice," said Rickey. "You can have Shotton or you can have Durocher."

"Well," said Stoneham, his chubby pink cheeks all innocent and aglow, "I'll take Leo."

Branch Rickey had struck again. Papa Branch was anxious to dump Durocher, with the least possible trouble to himself, and he had very neatly shunted him onto poor unsuspecting Horace.

Item: In 1957, Walter O'Malley came to Horace Stoneham to confide that he had a little deal in the works whereby O'Malley would take the Dodgers to Los Angeles and Stoneham would take the Giants to San Francisco. The Empire State Building, being somewhat difficult to crate, would remain in New York.

O'Malley, who has been immortalized in current literature under the name of Goldfinger, had worked out a deal for himself which, though still somewhat sketchy in my mind, went something like this: O'Malley was going to build a ball park and, in return, a grateful Los Angeles legislature was to grant him the divine right of kings. To make his move practicable to the rest of the league O'Malley needed a second team on the West Coast. Oh, how he needed that second team! With troubles enough ahead of him in working his way out of Brooklyn, it was of surpassing importance that there be smooth passage through the league. "Why not come along with me for the sake of fellowship?" he asked Horace.

"Why sure," said poor gullible Horace, beaming happily. Nothing like a cross-country trip to broaden a man's scope. Life has a way of playing these nasty little tricks on Horace.

You may not believe this, but there was a time when even I sank so low as to take advantage of poor amiable Horace.

Item: In 1946, when I bought the Cleveland Indians I was determined, for reasons having to do with segregation, to move our spring training camp from Florida to Arizona. I had Tucson set up

continued

BRIMMING OVER with good cheer and with an appreciative Joe DiMaggio alongside, Horace Stoneham maintains a firm grip on the rostrum while entertaining a San Francisco banquet crowd.

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for myself but, since I also needed another team somewhere on the horizon to play against, I suggested to Jim Gallagher, general manager of the Cubs, that he move the Cubs' training grounds from Catalina Island to Phoenix. Catalina was such a lousy place to train that I was confident Phil Wrigley would just jump at the chance. But, no, Jim said, Wrigley wasn't quite ready to evacuate Catalina yet. Swell.

Gallagher suggested that I try Horace Stoneham, so I did. Was Horace interested? Sure, he was interested.

Together with Roy Drachman, a Tucson realtor, we worked Horace's deal out with the city of Phoenix. When the papers were ready to be signed, Horace flew out from New York. The following day Roy and I drove up from Tucson for the ceremony.

We went up to Horace's suite at the Westward Ho Hotel and were greeted by the sound of his whisky baritone roaring insults into the telephone at the operators. It was morning, but he was already nicely loaded.

At lunch Horace was still throwing those Scotches down, so I had a few cans of beer just to keep him company. The mayor finally arrived with the contract, but Horace—ever mindful of his reputation as the perfect host—insisted that they have a couple of drinks together.

When the contract was finally placed in front of him, Horace put down the glass, picked up the pen and promptly dropped it. I handed it to him and he scribbled something that would pass as his signature.

With the press coming in for the story within the hour, we had a second contract prepared to permit us to fake a picture. Now, Horace has a simply amazing faculty of rallying himself when strangers are around. Once the press was on the scene, his eyes became unglazed, his speech unscrambled. He posed for pictures nicely, and he went off and talked to the writers. If you didn't know Horace, there was no possible way to suspect that he had been stoned 10 minutes before they walked into the room.

Horace and I both had to go back East that night, and we had reservations on the same flight to Chicago. The mayor insisted upon commemorating the occasion by taking us both out to dinner, however, and that was a mistake. When the time came to leave for the airport, Horace was stoned again. We had to pour him into a cab and then support him all the way out to the plane, the mayor on one side and I on the other.

Now, I wasn't too much of a help in that kind of an enterprise, because my bad leg was in a heavy walking cast and I was on crutches. I was staggering under Horace's load, you might say, even more than Horace. All the weight was therefore thrown upon the mayor, a rather short, slight man, which meant that he was staggering at least as badly as either of us. As luck would have it, the terminal was mobbed, and you could just see all those registered voters glaring at us and saying, "Look at those drunks. Disgraceful." All the poor mayor could do was duck his head, pray that his constituents wouldn't recognize him and keep Horace moving toward the plane.

At last we got him up the stairs and dumped him into his seat. The stewardesses strapped him in, and immediately Horace dropped off to sleep. I should have been as lucky. I was dead tired, but I couldn't get any sleep at all because Horace was snorting and snoring.

The moment the plane hit the runway at Midway he awoke—fresh and raring to go. "Hey, Bill," he said, straining against the straps, "let's get a drink."

What have I been trying to prove here with these tales of man's inhumanity to man? That Horace Stoneham is a little lamb who somehow always comes up covered with roses? Not at all. I have not the slightest doubt that Stoneham was perfectly aware that Rickey was disenchanted with Durocher, especially when you remember that Shotton was never Stoneham's type of manager at all. When you consider how Rickey likes to operate, it becomes quite evident that anyone who was trying to encourage Rickey to release Durocher would have used precisely that approach, confident that Rickey would pull the old sleight-of-hand for which he is so famous and maneuver Horace into taking the man whom Horace really wanted all along.

All Horace got in Durocher was the best manager of the day—given the proper tools and the proper setting. All Durocher did for Horace was to win two pennants and one World Series.

As for the move to San Francisco, Horace was ready to get out of New York anyway. The Polo Grounds was falling down around his ears, and the newspapermen, while fond of him in many ways, were fed up with his operation and his total unavailability. The real crusher was that Horace was in hock to his concessionaire, Frank Stevens. O'Malley wasn't in any trouble at all; Stoneham was the man in trouble. So much trouble that the city fathers in Minneapolis had just finished building a stadium, confident that the Giants would soon be coming in to fill it. O'Malley not only got him a better territory, he did all the preliminary work for him in San Francisco, thereby permitting Horace to slip out of New York without even a bad press. With everybody so anxious to get in their blows at O'Malley, Horace even emerged with a modest amount of sympathy. As always, it pleased everybody to make Horace out as a poor, muddled but essentially decent fellow who had been fast-talked into leaving by that wily devil, O'Malley.

Poor, muddled Horace was fast-talked into moving into the fastest-growing area in the whole country, something—and you had better believe it—Horace had very carefully checked into. Since life's course always runs smoothly for Stoneham, there wasn't even the usual problem about territorial rights. Tom Yawkey of the Red Sox, his old pal, owned the San Francisco franchise. Yawkey is always so willing to help out a friend that he swapped the San Francisco territorial rights for the Minneapolis territorial rights, even up.

As for the Arizona deal, Horace undoubtedly considered my proposition, found that it suited his own purposes very nicely—since he was about to go into the Negro market, too—and was quite content for me to go ahead and do most of the legwork for him.

When the crystal ball clears you always seem to find that everybody sets out to take advantage of Horace, and by dint of great effort manages to trick him into doing what he has already decided to do. Horace stays home and drinks, the other guy is sure he has gotten the better of the deal and it is hard to say which one is happier.

Stoneham and Cal Griffith of the Twins are the last of that dying breed, the owner who has inherited the property, personally operates it and has nothing else going for him. Although the Giants would seem to be badly outgunned

continued

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when it comes to money, organization and corporate backing, Stoneham manages to win a pennant every few years, while other owners, having expended sums into the millions, are wondering why they can't get out of the second division. The Giants do start with Willie Mays, which is better than starting with a 10-day suspension. They also have their own country, the Dominican Republic, a small and recently troubled island populated almost entirely by people named Alou, plus an occasional 20-game winner named Marichal.

Where Horace really finesses the field, though, is in his remarkable ability to simultaneously outdrink and outtrade the opposition. The Giants won the pennant in 1951 after Horace got Alvin Dark and Eddie Stanky from the Boston Braves for Sid Gordon, Willard Marshall, Buddy Kerr and Sam Webb, one of the best trades in history. As difficult as it may be to believe today, there was virtually unanimous agreement at the time that the Braves had got so much the better of that deal that they had put themselves right back into pennant contention. It turned out to be a trade that wrecked the Braves so completely that it eventually led to their evacuation of Boston.

(It is not completely illusory to say that if that trade hadn't been made I'd have been able to move my St. Louis Browns into Milwaukee, and the history of baseball—to say nothing of the history of Bill Veeck—would have been materially changed, possibly even for the better.)

Stoneham then won the 1954 pennant and World Series with another steal, when he plucked John Antonelli from the Braves for Bobby Thomson. Antonelli was a strong young pitcher just coming to form. Thomson, his best years behind him, was a good ballplayer whose reputation had been enhanced out of proportion to his true ability by the glamour of the Homer of 1951. Lou Perini of the Braves, always Stoneham's pigeon, had just finished his first glorious season in Milwaukee and he was eager to reward the fans and strengthen his team's pennant chances by bringing in Thomson.

He didn't want to give up Antonelli but Stoneham kept throwing the young pitcher's name into the conversation between drinks, while vowing that he would never give up Thomson. Whitey Lockman they could have, but Thomson? Never. The Hero of '51, he insisted, was part of the folklore of the big city, the idol of all Giant fans, a civic monument to whom the tourists came as to a shrine.

The more Perini couldn't get Thomson, the more his mouth watered. He no longer made any attempt to keep Antonelli but simply tried to get Thomson instead of Lockman in return. Which was precisely what Horace had in mind all along.

But it is the 1962 pennant, being most recent, that best illustrates Stoneham's technique.

It is an axiom in baseball—which only means that everybody keeps saying it—that the best trade is the trade that helps both sides. In the overall picture, it may even be true. Everybody says that he wants the player he has traded away to have the best possible season, a most noble, commendable sentiment. I recommend it highly to others. Lurking in the murky shoals of every trader's heart, however, lie dreams of pure larceny. The best trade is not the trade in which you give up something to get something, the best trade, if we will face up to this like men of the world, is the trade in which you give up nothing and get everything. At least, if I were given a choice that's the one I'd take.

Horace's great attraction to us all is that he looks so innocent and vulnerable and, to get right down to fundamentals, that he is so well and favorably known for his drinking habits that he inspires baseball operators with an almost missionary zeal to get him drunk and steal him blind.

At every winter meeting they come trooping into Horace's suite with the bottled goods in their hot little hands and a message of mutual gain on their lips. Exuding fellowship and greed, they pour the drinks for Horace until they have him drunk enough to force upon him the players who are going to go on and win the Giants another pennant. Because what they forget is that while they are pouring for Horace, Horace is also pouring for them. Many an unwary voyager has foundered on Horace's Scotch on the rocks or bottles of bubbly. Liquor befuddles some people and fortifies others. Stoneham's great virtue is that

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CHANGING OF THE GUARD occurs in 1948 as new Manager Leo Durocher (*right*) is congratulated by ex-Manager Mel Ott. Stoneham, who fell himself he talked into hiring Leo, looks on.

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he appears to be most befuddled when he is most fortified. Horace, in short, can outdrink them all.

When Horace is going good—and there is nothing like trading talk to get the metabolism flowing—he can drink through a whole week, with small pause for either food or sleep. I take no stock in the beer-hall talk that Horace has a wooden leg. My own theory is that his giblets are made of sponge. When the time comes for his scheming guests to snap the trap on their little red-cheeked lamb, they find a bushy red-tailed fox gleefully snapping the trap on them.

The building of the 1962 pennant winner can serve as a textbook example of piecing a pitching staff together while giving up absolutely minimum in exchange. In December 1958, Roy Hamey, a delightful man who was then general manager of the Phillies, marched into Horace's domain, ordered a few jeroboams and coolers and talked his host out of Ruben Gomez in return for Jack Sanford, a strong-armed right-hander who was better known as a junior member of the Phillies' band of night riders than for exceptional pitching prowess.

Gomez had become one of those problems that will continue to vex baseball operators as long as we insist upon playing human beings instead of computers. Ruben was a good, workmanlike No. 3 man on anybody's staff until he made the mistake of hitting big Joe Adcock with a pitch. When Adcock unexpectedly came after him, Gomez threw the ball at him and ran. Pictures of him in full flight appeared in papers all over the country—and probably back in his native Puerto Rico.

That one moment of his life wrought its change in Ruben Gomez. It was as if he felt that he had lost the respect of the other players and, having forfeited their respect, he seemed to lose all respect for himself. When you're out there in the big-league pressure cooker, a pitcher's attitude—his utter confidence that he has an advantage of will and luck and guts over the hitter—is almost as important as his stuff. Fred Hutchinson won 95 games in the big leagues on little more than character and strength of purpose. Early Wynn won his first 275 games on stuff and his last 25 on memory and meanness. Usually it's the other way around. Every team has its can't-miss pitcher who always manages to throw the home run ball at the wrong time. He throws it at the wrong time because he *knows* he's going to throw it at the wrong time.

Gomez, having broke and run—Lord Jim to the life—was never the same man. With Philadelphia, he won only three games in two years. Sanford was a good pitcher for the Giants from the start and in their pennant year won 24 games.

In November 1959, Paul Rapier Richards, a cold, professorial type, known in faultless sports page prose as the Sage of Waxahachie, came riding into town sitting tall in the saddle to trade livestock with Horace through the long night. Paul, who was then manager of the Orioles, has one of the great minds in baseball. He is so careful that he will pause for perhaps 30 seconds to find the precise word he is looking for. He is so cold that when he enters his clubhouse, with his rigid military bearing, the whole room goes silent.

Just as dawn was about to break over the ice cooler, Paul convinced Horace that he should surrender a brawny outfielder, Jackie Brandt, for a nonwinning little left-hander, Billy O'Dell. There are eyewitnesses who will swear that Paul, having stolen the center fielder he so badly needed, left the room chortling—although anyone who knows him must suspect gross exaggeration. When Paul is delirious with joy, a small, scarcely perceptible smile plays across his lips.

It happened that Brandt had become a problem to Stoneham because Willie Mays had somehow got it into his head that the manager, Bill Rigney, thought Jackie was a better ballplayer. Willie, having lost the great man of his early career, Leo Durocher, still had a great need to be shown that he was appreciated as a player and liked as a person. And so, through no fault of his own, Brandt had become spectacularly expendable.

When the Giants won the pennant three years later, O'Dell won 19 games. Brandt has never really done what was expected of him in Baltimore.

In November 1961 my good friend Ed Short of the White Sox arrived upon the scene to pit his youth, exuberance and staying power against Stoneham's experience. Short had a dream, too. It was to talk Horace out of a couple of good young players in return for two aging pitchers, Bill Pierce and Don Larsen. Ed emerged, doing a slightly swoozled buck-and-wing, happy in the fond belief that he had swindled Horace out of four players. We won't trouble you with the names of the players, because you still never heard of any of them.

As for Pierce, he won 16 games for the Giants that year, while Larsen was giving them the middle relief man they had desperately needed. (The rumor that Horace really wanted Larsen as a drinking companion who could go the full distance is not to be wholly discredited either.)

That Horace, everybody said, he sure is lucky. Lucky as a fox.

As owner of the Giants Stoneham has always been unusually loyal to his managers. He has given the manager's job, with the exception of Durocher and Clancy Sheehan, to old Giants. Terry, Ott, Rigney, Dark and Herman Franks. Horace made Sheehan his manager after he let Rigney go in midseason, although the only logical grounds seemed to be that Sheehan was second-guessing Rigney so much that Horace felt he deserved a chance to manage himself. (The only other possible explanation is that maybe Horace didn't know what he was doing; maybe he was sober at the time.) Sheehan, who had no more chance of managing a club successfully than your little boy, took a club Rigney had kept in contention and guided it right into the second division.

Even after Sheehan made a laughingstock of himself, Horace kept him in his old position as boon companion and chief watering scout. Nobody would have expected anything else. Sheehan had performed, Stoneham would reflect, no differently than anyone should have expected Sheehan to perform. He had remained in character. His call upon Stoneham's friendship and support would therefore remain undimmed and undiminished.

His breaks with Leo Durocher and Alvin Dark, two entirely different loaves of bread, are perfect illustrations of the rockbound code by which Stoneham lives.

There has always been the story that the beginning of the end for Durocher came at a Hollywood-type banquet when Leo laughed at a Danny Kaye burlesque of a drunken Stoneham slobbering all over himself while trying to make a speech.

Now, it is true enough that Horace would be sorely wounded to hear that Leo would be so disloyal, and he would

continued

be even more hurt that Danny Kaye, another close friend, would stoop to making fun of him But Horace's anger at that sort of thing wouldn't last. Horace knows that Leo is a show-biz type, so if Leo travels with show-biz people and goes the show-biz route, that is to be expected. He would also know that if he himself wanted to hang around comedians he had to expect to become a foil for their humor, and that the humor would not necessarily be kind. After the original indignation had subsided, Horace would even accept the fact that he had opened himself up to that kind of ridicule by getting up at an occasional baseball banquet to make a slobbering speech.

Durocher was fired, in all probability, for reasons having to do with nothing more extraordinary than his well-known habit of losing interest in a ball club once the club has dropped out of the pennant race.

Horace and Leo were still on good enough terms in 1961 so that Horace sought out Leo to inquire about his availability to take on the job again. And that's what brought on what now seems to be an unbridgeable gap between them. When Horace made the announcement that he had hired Alvin Dark, without bothering to inform Durocher, Leo felt he had been kept on the hook and dangled, an attitude he made abundantly clear by blasting Stoneham in the press. By Stoneham's code, that's unforgivable You have a beef, come on up, I'll pour you a drink and we'll talk it over You don't go shooting off your mouth for the whole world to hear.

Stoneham is not by nature a feuder. He has never, to my knowledge, attacked anyone in the press. On the other hand, he is not a man to forget. Horace just sits and waits. Sooner or later everybody in baseball figures to wander into the little corner of the baseball world he rules An owner will come walking into his lair one night to try to outbubbly him, and Horace will send him home no wiser but considerably poorer With everybody else . . . well, just by virtue of his ownership of the San Francisco franchise, he has the patronage rights, with all the attendant power, of a district leader. He controls his share of those few precious major league jobs, and, over the years, he has been able to use them to reward his friends and punish his enemies. He finally achieved that gratifying end with Leo Durocher last fall when he refused his current manager, Herman Franks, permission to hire Leo as a coach. Let us all hope that revenge is its own reward, because Stoneham could very well be hurting himself far more than he's hurting Durocher.

Now we come to Alvin Dark. Let us begin by eliminating any lingering notion that Dark was fired because of anything arising out of that New York story in which Alvin either did or did not say that Spanish players were lazy and Negro players were dumb. The break between the owner and the manager had come well before that. It had come for reasons that would be incomprehensible or, at best, comic if you were not completely aware by now of the Stoneham code of acceptable behavior. In baseball, let me say again, you are dealing with human beings, and human beings are, as we all know, unpredictable, inconsistent and downright infuriating. Stoneham alone is consistent and predictable (possibly because there's nobody sitting up nights keeping score on him), and that makes him the most infuriating human being of all.

Horace Stoneham's relationship with Alvin Dark was altogether different than it had ever been with any other manager. Normally, Stoneham insists that his manager drink with him. It goes with the job. Horace is generous to a fault. When he drinks, everybody drinks. Especially if he is paying their salaries.

Unfortunately, he does his drinking at night, which can make life difficult for a manager who requires at least a minimum amount of sleep.

Horace's familiar fraternal cry is "sitsee." Always "sitsee." He has been known to sit on the overcoat of a reluctant guest to hold him through the early-morning hours. He once locked three weary writers into a hotel room with him, only to have them climb out through the transom when he thoughtlessly dozed off.

Fortunately for Stoneham, his employees seem to find his early-morning dissertations far more stimulating than do those who are not tied to him by the healing bonds of a contract. Nowhere in the record book, at any rate, is there any indication that any Giant manager ever made a break for the door. This is well for Horace, and even better for the manager. When Horace drinks with his manager they can talk baseball, and when they talk baseball Horace can second-guess him. The more Horace drinks, the more he second-guesses. The more

continued

HAPPY DAYS were here again for Horace Stoneham when Manager Alvin Dark led his Giants to the 1962 pennant. But two years later a rift developed between the two and Dark was fired.

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he second-guesses, the happier he becomes. If he drinks enough—and the odds are that he will—he will become so overjoyed with it all that he will fire the manager for not knowing as much baseball as the owner. This is known as voting your stock. It also tends to be very unsettling to a manager until he learns that Horace understands himself well enough not to hold himself accountable to anything he says when he is drunk.

Alvin Dark is a rigid Baptist, who lives by a code even more demanding than Stoneham's. Alvin does not drink or smoke or curse. He lives by the Bible. He tithes to the church, speaks at religious gatherings, evangelizes among the heathen.

When Horace hired him he was well aware that, for once, he was not getting a drinking partner in the bargain, that he was forgoing those long and pleasurable second-guessing sessions, that he was, to some extent, surrendering a certain amount of his normal control.

He hired him anyway, because Alvin was one of his old boys, and Horace believes in giving his old boys their chance. There was something else involved, too. Alvin apparently had reason to believe he was going to be hired to manage the Giants when Durocher was through. Durocher left ahead of schedule, though. Dark was still playing, and Bill Rigney, having just won the Junior World Series in Minneapolis, was entitled to his chance. Still, if Horace felt that he had sidestepped a promise to Alvin however vague that promise may have been, Horace would want to make it up to him.

So the two men are not as far apart as they seem to be at first glance. Stoneham, like Dark, has his own highly moral precepts. It is only on definitions and values that they are at such odds.

Stoneham, as always, was willing to allow Alvin to be what he was, to accept him as he was and, I think we can say with some certainty, to even admire him for what he was. It may even have pleased him to have such a paragon working for him. The sensual man may not understand what makes the spiritual man tick, but he is usually quite willing to concede him the right to live his life as he sees fit.

Not to make Stoneham out to be a man of untoward tolerance, it should be added that he was willing to put up with all these spiritual values only because Dark also possessed the full complement of competitive virtues so admired in baseball. Alvin was always a rough, tough competitor and a red-necked loser.

When Jackie Robinson, angered that several of his teammates had been brushed back by Sal Maglie, bowled over little Davey Williams at first base, it was Dark who gathered his teammates together in the dugout and informed them that somebody was to get Jackie. By coincidence, it was Alvin himself who immediately hit a routine double, kept right on running, and with Jackie dug in at third base threw a jarring football block that not only flattened Robinson but knocked the ball clean out of his hand.

Stoneham would not forget a thing like that. Stoneham would understand that Dark, like himself, is a man who will protect his own.

All things considered, Alvin was a good enough manager. He eked out the 1962 pennant, and if he never got the team together again he was at least able to keep them in a respectable position. Stoneham and Dark lived their own lives by their own lights and met only to discuss the ball club. The owner's admiration for his manager remained undiminished.

And then the one thing happened that no one, in his wildest dreams, would have considered. If you had taken a poll to guess how a break between the owner and manager would finally come, nobody could possibly have come out a winner. What happened? Not much, really—just that Horace Stoneham came to believe Alvin Dark had developed a flaw in that faultless character of his. Not on Stoneham's terms, but on Dark's own stern terms, which prohibited all diversions, however innocuous, even a cigarette. O K, big deal. You and I would have chuckled. Not Horace. Horace reacted as if it were a personal affront—even an act of disloyalty. At that moment Alvin was no longer the genuine article, the real McCoy.

Human nature being what it is, the final act in the comedy was inevitable. Once Horace thought there was a flaw, one single minor flaw, in Alvin's character, he was suddenly set free to judge not only the man but the manager. If Horace thought that Alvin was not the man he seemed to be, maybe he was not the manager he seemed to be either.

Where Horace had, for once in his life, refrained from second-guessing his manager, he now looked for flaws in everything Dark did. And let me tell you, once you look for flaws in a manager, any manager, you are going to find them in abundance. Where previously Dark as a manager could do no wrong, he now could do no right.

The final step came when the special dispensation that had been given to Dark was canceled. If Clancy Sheehan was a character, at least he pretended to be nothing else. And when the boss said "sitsee," Clancy sat and Clancy drank. All right, if Clancy Sheehan and Alvin Dark were brothers under the skin, then Alvin Dark would sitsee and Alvin Dark would drink too.

Well, Alvin wasn't coming up to the boss's suite to drink. He was still not going to base a relationship on Stoneham's terms, and Stoneham was no longer willing to let it stand on Alvin's terms. Communication between the owner and manager practically ground to a stop. Win or lose, Alvin was through.

It got so chilly up there by San Francisco Bay that if it had not been for all the commotion kicked up by that New York interview, Horace would undoubtedly have fired Dark before the end of the season.

To anybody except Stoneham, of course, the interview would have provided the perfect out for firing Dark. It would even have made him a hero in some quarters. It is typical of Horace that, given every logical reason to seize upon that excuse, he refused to take it.

For, as you know by now, Stoneham does not go that route. If he was going to fire Alvin, it was not going to be under false pretenses. He would stand by his manager loyally on that one issue and let him go as quietly as possible at the end of the season.

Say this about Horace Stoneham: he remains true to himself. He is what he is, and you can take him or leave him. Just don't walk into his lair with a bottle of the bubbly and delude yourself that you're going to get any the best of it.

NEXT WEEK

In Part 4, Bill Veeck describes the maneuvering behind the transfer of the Braves to Atlanta and tells how to buy a ball club on a shoestring.

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DOW'S FRIEND IS EMPLOYED IN THE NEW BOB HOPE MOVIE, "I'LL TAKE SWEDEN," AN EDWARD SMALL PRODUCTION FOR UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE

Henry Wade, the Dallas district attorney who became world famous as prosecutor of Jack Ruby, drove in the first run in the annual baseball game between Dallas prosecutors and criminal lawyers. With the score 0-0 in the bottom of the first and one on, first baseman Wade swaggered to the plate in fire-engine-red T shirt, green pants, white cap and golf shoes. Chomping down on a long cigar, he glared out at the Legal Eagle pitcher. Thock! Wade's Warriors had their first run of many. "I'm afraid we lost count," admitted Umpire Red Harris. "It was several thousand to something in favor of Henry's team. A substantial victory, you might say." That admission of inattention to the proceedings was only slightly startling. All of the umpires were real-life judges, including Harris and third-base umpire **Joe B. Brown**—who may be remembered from the Ruby trial also.

For 20 years, says **Olivia de Havilland,** who at 48 looks like a horror only in horror movies, she has remained young by doing a few minutes of yoga in the morning (*below*). "I was old at 16," adds Olivia, the first woman president of the Cannes Film Festival jury. "I was young at 30. And my real adolescence began at 40."

After bringing his Indians home from the East seven games behind the White Sox, Cleveland Manager **Birdie Tebbetts** was understandably preoccupied—particularly when he learned General Manager **Gabe Paul** wanted to talk to him. Birdie, scheduled to address the *Plain Dealer* Post 141 of the American Legion at luncheon, was asked to stop down at Paul's office afterward. "O.K.," he agreed, and hastened off to the Manger Hotel. "Where's the newspaper affair?" he asked in the lobby. "On the 16th floor," was the reply. Sure enough, Tebbetts found a gaggle of sportswriters there having lunch. He sat down and started to eat. Then they brought on some fight films, and the Bird started to wonder. "Whose lunch is this?" he asked. "Mine," said Fight Promoter Larry Atkins. "Where's the Legion lunch?" asked Birdie. "Try the ballroom," Atkins suggested. Down 15 flights went Birdie. The ballroom was dark. A movie was being shown. Birdie groped his way to the speakers' table. "Tebbetts here," he said, nudging the man next to him. "Nice to have you, Tibbett," came the perfunctory reply. Birdie looked up. The screen showed wild geese in flight. "Where am I?" he cried. "The Woods and Waters luncheon," his neighbor answered, "but you are welcome to remain." Tebbetts rushed out into the corridor, where he was grabbed by a legionnaire and led to the right luncheon. There he recounted his adventures. "If you've been reading your own newspaper, you know I'm not too bright," he concluded. Later on, Gabe Paul gave him a contract through 1966.

No one can say **Drew Pearson** hasn't the conscience of a conservationist. In a sporting gesture to aid **Lady Bird's** campaign for more trees and grass in Washington, Columnist Pearson gave the First Lady 10 tons of fertilizer. Pearson sells the stuff as a sideline, and it is customarily delivered in neat five-pound, red-and-white packages bearing the message: "Drew Pearson's Best Manure." In smaller type is the legend, "None genuine without my signature."

The U.S. government recently put a valuable deposit in Fort Knox: Cleveland Back **Jimmy Brown.** As a 2nd lieutenant in the U.S. Army Reserve, Brown spent two weeks there in a refresher course in combat proficiency, an area in which NFL opponents might correctly feel that he needs no refreshing. Lieutenant Brown led the class in all events: one-mile run, hand-grenade throw, 40-yard crawl, and dodge-and-run.

Edward T. Breathitt Jr., governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, has decided to cease recruiting for the University of Kentucky. Mr. Breathitt has adequate reason. A year ago on behalf of his alma mater, he personally visited Westley Unseld, "All-America" at Louisville's Seneca High School. Unseld eventually enrolled at the University of Louisville. Breathitt also visited Garnett Phelps, "All-America" halfback for Louisville Male High School. Phelps eventually enrolled at the University of Missouri. This year Breathitt descended on Kentucky's best basketball prospect, Butch Beard of Breckinridge County High School. Beard has not yet decided on a college. The one thing he has indicated, however, is that he will not attend the University of Kentucky.

Conservative parliamentarians have never thought **Bessie Braddock,** Labor's formidable member from Liverpool, was quite cricket. But Bessie had the last word when she stood up at the wicket in a charity match between the Liverpool cast of *My Fair Lady* and the city police. For once Bessie was nonpartisan and led off the game by taking her turn at bat as an independent. But, as might have been predicted by her parliamentary adversaries, she never lost sight of her target. Mrs. Braddock faced a dozen balls before a tricky one sent her to the tea tent. But as the picture shows (*below*), even in defeat Bessie kept her eye on the ball.

TRACK / *Gwilym S. Brown*

Enchantment in the land of the Lobos

Suddenly New Mexicans are track crazy, a state of mind that can be traced to a man named Hubert

COACHING STAFF. Hackett [illegible] and [illegible]denburg, surrounds Hurdler Steve Camm[illegible]

It could be the hot, dry desert climate or an inspiring coach with the uninspiring name of Hubert, but quite suddenly the tan adobe campus of the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque finds itself with one of the strongest—possibly the strongest—college track teams in the U S Earlier this spring the Lobos chewed Southern California to little bits, 98⅓ to 46⅔ This was only USC's second dual-meet defeat in 20 years Last week, to the astonishment of absolutely no one, U of N M, rolled up 79 points on the home track and finished 14 points ahead of Brigham Young to take the third annual Western Athletic Conference championship.

These league championships are rapidly becoming the real backbone of U.S. college track competition, and the WAC, because of the presence of New Mexico and Brigham Young, not to mention Arizona and Arizona State, most likely is the best of all. Last year in Salt Lake City the WAC championship produced winning performances that bettered those of the track-happy Big Six (USC, UCLA, California, Stanford Washington State and Washington) in 10 of 15 mutually held events. This year the WAC is stronger. BYU has beaten California, Oregon (the 1964 NCAA champion), UCLA and, three weeks ago, won the Fresno relays over San Jose State, USC and New Mexico Second to New Mexico in its own conference, BYU is the third best college team in the U S.

New Mexico has risen to its present track eminence with a speed as breathtaking as Albuquerque's 5,000-foot elevation. Only seven years ago, competing for the university's track team was a fun thing roughly equivalent to swimming in the muddy Rio Grande, which oozes sluggishly through the western edge of town The university could not even attract good local high school performers, most of whom sought more challenging careers in neighboring states Now no self-respecting Albuquerque track star, and there are plenty of them, would even consider straying out of town On the contrary, boys who can run fast, throw far and jump high are pouring in from such distant places as Plainville, Conn., Newville, Ala and East Chicago, Ind

As recently as 1958 New Mexico rated it a banner year when it piled up 23½ points in the Skyline Conference meet and was able to win the state AAU championship by 11⅓ points over Albuquerque's Highland High School. Actually, the close win over Highland was not the disgrace it seemed Highland High was loaded, and the man responsible for its riches was stocky Hubert (Hugh) Hackett, a former Air Force pilot from Wisconsin who had been stationed at Albuquerque's Kirtland Field during World War II and had returned in peacetime because he had fallen in love with the city and its sunny climate. Hackett, who had broadjumped, run the 440 and played football at Illinois Normal before the war, finished his last year of school at New Mexico, earned an M A in school administration and then took over at Highland High as head football coach. Before he knew it, he was in track up to his closely chopped haircut

"The reason I started track," says Hackett, "was to develop the boys for football. Then I just got completely wrapped up in it."

It was not long before the entire town was equally enchanted. Hackett's teams won seven straight state championships There was only one trouble, few of his prize athletes were enrolling at the U of N.M, There was one obvious solution, and the university jumped at it. Following the 1958 season it hired Hackett, and the boom years were on.

"The first thing I did," says Hackett, "was bring my high school track team with me." This was not all that happened. The athletic department got behind him to the tune of six athletic scholarships (they now give him 16) and the chamber of commerce backed that with a recruiting campaign The first big prize was Dick Howard, a Californian who went on to finish third in the 400-meter hurdles in the 1960 Rome Olympics. Then Hackett recruited Adolph Plummer, who in 1963 set a world record at 440 yards

The word about a good track coach and a perfect climate was getting around By 1961 the team was strong enough to record a historic first in the school's track history: it topped Brigham Young in a dual meet 83 48 By 1963 the Lobos were beating the likes of Kansas in dual meets, and last year they won the WAC title. This year's varsity includes nine exceptional freshmen (in the WAC freshmen can compete against upperclassmen), giving it the strongest first-year squad in the U S.

Albuquerque, very much in stride, may be the country's No. 1 track town. The city was host to the 1963 NCAA championships and last week it was announced that Albuquerque had wrested the 1966 National AAU indoor championships from Madison Square Garden.

Unlike most successful coaches, Hackett is a reserved, modest man who is a teacher first and a recruiter, say, eighth. "Hugh doesn't have a salesman's flamboyant personality," says Hackett's young assistant, Wayne Vandenburg, who does. "What he has got is great insight and uncanny hunches about things. He's the kind of coach who can take a good high jumper and turn him into a great quarter-miler."

The most striking example of Hackett's touch is a tall, slender recruit from East Chicago, Ind., Clarence Robinson. As a high school hurdler and football halfback, Robinson showed only moderate speed. His sole scholarship offer came from Scottsbluff (junior) College in Nebraska, so it was not difficult for him to decide to go a bit farther west to New Mexico. Hackett discovered that Robinson had great spring and started him on the broad jump and the hop, step and jump. At the recent Drake Relays, Robinson, now a junior, broad jumped 26 feet 9¼ inches, the best college jump this year. Then last week in the WAC conference meet he hopped, stepped and jumped 52 feet 8¼ inches, a collegiate record. With a little luck he could win both these events in next month's NCAA championships.

This rare double could give New Mexico 20 points toward an NCAA title, but it is more likely the team will win that next year rather than in 1965. The varsity's freshman stars are not eligible to compete in the NCAA and, while the team's overall depth gives it impressive point power in dual and conference meets, the Lobos, except for Robinson and possibly Sprinter Bernie Rivers, do not have sufficient first-place potential to win the nationals.

"The future is one thing we're not worried about," says Vandenburg. "We're looking for a weight man, a hurdler and a couple more distance runners, but we don't have to look very hard. We've got more talent coming in than we know what to do with."

The dry wind that blows across the mesa may become a gale. END

No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM

FIELD HOCKEY / *Robert Cantwell*

An unobserved invasion from the north

The Canadians, strengthened with recent Olympians, came down in force. In front of absolutely no one, they edged their U.S. hosts as shins got whacked smartly and players of both countries howled in outraged pain

At 9 o'clock on a hazy Saturday morning a field hockey team known as the Greenwich Apaches faced the North Jersey Field Hockey Club on a reed-bordered field in Rye, N.Y. to start the annual men's invitational field hockey tournament. For 12 years now the most newsworthy feature of this event has been the spectacular lack of public interest attached to it. Last weekend form held. Almost nobody watched as most of the best field hockey players in North America whacked each other's shins and cavorted up and down green fields in what, in many another country, would be recognized as championship fashion.

Among the difficulties involved in mastering the game of field hockey is the problem of finding out where the games are being played. To get to one site for the invitational a determined spectator had to drive through the grounds of Rye's Playland amusement park on Long Island Sound. The Ferris wheel rotated majestically. Shrieks and happy cries of terror came from the roller coaster. The thump of mechanical music was borne faintly over the water. And on a pretty field, found at last, the field hockey men carried on in comparative quiet.

A fisherman came by from a place called The Point, just beyond the field, carrying six big blackfish. He did not even glance at the players. A man in shorts and a heavy sweater was looking for Dan Spaeth, the Greenwich captain. "Are we going to be late?" he asked. "I want to get back to my boat. It's sinking."

Without so much as a flicker, North Jersey beat the Greenwich Apaches 3–0. The Ookpiks of Toronto, considered one of the strongest Canadian teams

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it had two of several Olympians playing for the Canadians—beat Hofstra 4–0. At the Rye Recreation Youth Center, a mile or so away, the New York Field Hockey Club, the strongest U S contender, was defeating another Greenwich Field Hockey Club team even more decisively—7–0. There were, at both playing fields, other games going on between the 14 teams in the tournament

But then Saturday's play (there would be another full schedule Sunday) began to settle down to a decisive battle between the Ookpiks and New York, who had beaten the same opponents by identical scores. They came together at the Recreation Center, which was more centrally located than the field by the amusement park and far quieter This was so even though cars raced by on Midland Avenue with the busy purposelessness of a suburban Saturday and a softball game ran its languid course beside the hockey field, with its players and spectators oblivious of the international drama that was building up beside them.

The time was 5 30 and the crowd, at a generous guess, was 70, made up principally of players whose games had finished. They were stretched out on a grassy knoll near the west goal, shaded by a grove of oaks from the late-afternoon sun, most of them businessmen in their 30s, a few of them accompanied by beautifully groomed wives and wide-eyed children, to whom the tournament was plainly an event The softball players gradually disappeared. Church bells clanged somewhere beyond the park. A flight of crows cawed slowly overhead.

A field hockey game begins with what is called a bully. The two centers tap the ground, tap their sticks, repeat the process rapidly two more times, then slash at the ball, and hell breaks loose A hockey player hit on the shins makes no pretense of stoic unconcern He may yell, grimace, roar, jump up and down, or even hop the length of the field on one foot, hands clasped on his outraged shin. Surprisingly, the players on the sidelines display no sympathy. The very most one would say might be, "That's the second time (chuckle) he's been hit "

Even those most wrapped up in field hockey have a way of making the game in progress a *non sequitur* "We want to get field hockey started in the schools," said John Greer, a crisp, businesslike, friendly young IBM executive, the son of the founder of the annual tournaments and secretary of the Field Hockey Association "We need young players " And bop went the ball down the field

"One of our players has a broken nose," said Mitchell Sacks of Hofstra, looking pale. "It was broken in the game with New York " About six New Yorkers and Canadians were at the moment involved in a wild melee for the ball at midfield

Field hockey is like polo without the pony and ice hockey without the skates It is fast and almost impossible to master. Amateurs look very amateur, indeed, and only those good athletes who have played it a long time can make it look like a contest you would care to

continued

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Holiday V 18 ft concave vee lapstrake aluminum with 110 h p MerCruiser stern drive or outboard power of up to 120 h p , at left

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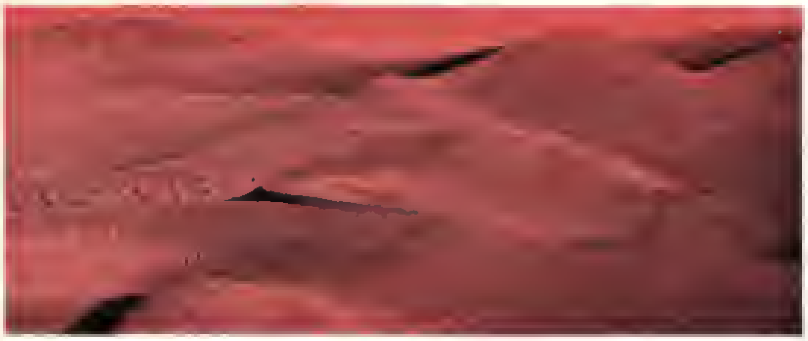

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In Canada it's Tilden Rent-A-Car
All major credit cards honored
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go see. The Ookpik-New York contest, by any standards, was a good one. At half time the score was 0–0. "This is a very good game," said Greer, who had been pressed into service as a referee. After five minutes' rest the players started again. Halfway through the second half Dick Fellows of Ookpik slanted a shot past the New York goalie for the only score of Saturday's best game

Annual field hockey tournaments were the creation of Henry Kirk Greer, father of John, and a New York lawyer whose first wife was an English girl imported to teach women's hockey at Rosemary Hall, a fashionable girls' school in Greenwich. While Greer did not expect the men's game to be as popular as the women's, he thought it would gain some following. That it has not is no fault of his. The first spring tournament was scheduled to coincide with the Queen's Birthday in Canada (which always falls on the Monday before May 25, regardless of the actual date of Her Majesty's birth) so Canadian teams could take advantage of the long weekend to play, and the tournaments have been a matter of deadly U.S.-Canadian rivalry ever since, with the U.S. winning as often as Canada.

This year four Canadian teams were entered. The Canadian players generally left their offices on Friday afternoon, drove until early Saturday morning to some point in the Catskills, slept for a few hours and drove on to the games of the first day. "When 88 men are willing to drive from Canada, travel 600 to 650 miles," said one player, "and then play two or three hard games a day on two consecutive days, it means they really love the game."

It also seemed to mean they loved to beat U.S. teams. "Our chaps have finished on top in each division," said a Canadian player who was studying the scores that were penciled on a piece of cardboard after the Ookpik-New York game. As the sun sank over Rye and the bright lights stuttered to life over Playland there appeared to be a perceptible cooling-off of the Dominion good feeling that had persisted throughout the first day.

But by the end of the next afternoon amity had been restored. Canada's Ookpik won it all, New York was second, and the weary Americans trooped off, confident that in field hockey, as in other sports, there is always next year. END

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DONALD R. GRODY, *37, President of the Lenox Machine Co., Inc., Lenox, Mass.*

"Because I'm busy, I just don't have hours enough to devote to money problems. A couple of years ago, I mentioned this to the Northwestern Mutual agent here in Lenox. He showed me how easy it would be to improve my financial planning and free myself from worry.

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NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE
MILWAUKEE

Artists in residence! Mrs. Grody, art instructor, and her three talented children get ready for an exhibit

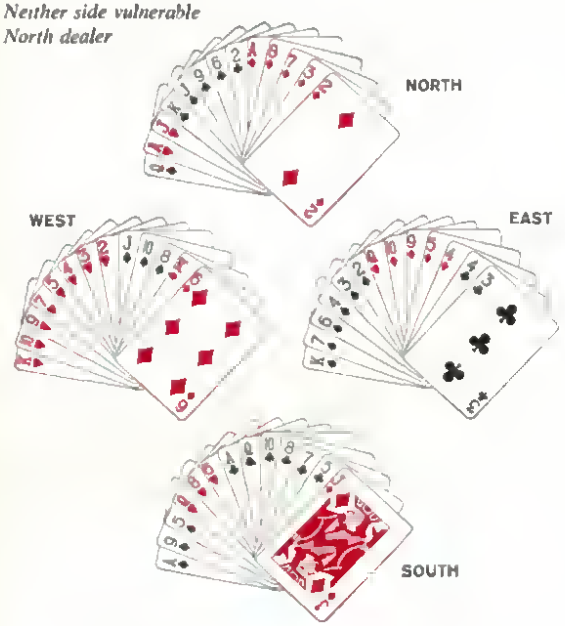
BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Farewell to an understanding lady

The top rank of American women bridge players suffered a severe loss with the sudden death last month of veteran star Ruth Sherman. Miss Sherman won her first national title, the Mixed Team Championship, in 1935—a victory she repeated 10 years later. She defeated my team to take the coveted Vanderbilt Cup in 1953 for what was to prove her last big title win, but in between these triumphs she was the victor in six other major national contract bridge events. Less than a month before her death, she and Sally Johnson led a field of 414 Women's Pairs going into the final session of that championship event in the Spring Nationals. They finished in third place.

Ruth earned a Ph.D. and was a brilliant researeh chemist at about the time she got her bridge baptism in a strong group of players that bore the somewhat misleading name of the Bombay Bicycle and Bridge Club. Club headquarters was the Sherman family's Park Avenue apartment, and Ruth's brother John was one of its best players, as was, among others, Louis Kronenberger, the writer and drama critic. The Bombay and bicycling were pure whimsy, but the bridge was excellent

Neither side vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH (*Miss Sherman*)	EAST	SOUTH (*Mrs. Johnson*)	WEST
1♦	PASS	2♣	PASS
3♥	PASS	3♠	PASS
4♠	PASS	6♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: deuce of hearts

Perhaps the only chink in Ruth's bridge armor was her very reliability. Her partners could rely upon her, but so could her opponents. In recent years, however, she developed a most successful bridge partnership with the brilliant British international player, Adam Meredith, and her style changed. She added to her repertoire such things as responses in three-card majors and other deceptive tactics, and she and Meredith compiled a good record, especially in European pair play. Through sheer necessity, she discovered how best to handle the bombshells that Adam often tossed into the auction.

Ruth's expertise on the Meredith style caused Sally Johnson to report this hand to me from a recent game. Meredith was one of Ruth's opponents, and in this deal he held the West hand.

Ruth's hand was no powerhouse until her partner responded with two clubs, a bid that fit the North hand to perfection. Ruth's three-heart rebid, when followed up later by her club raise, clearly revealed her spade shortage and enabled Sally to jump to the slam.

When Meredith opened the deuce of hearts and the dummy was put down, Sally figured that the only thing that could endanger the success of her contract was the loss of a heart finesse followed by a heart ruff. So she made a "safety play," refusing the heart finesse and guarding against the remote possibility that Meredith had led a singleton and his partner held a seven-card suit. To South's amazement, East trumped the ace of hearts. A diamond return sank the ship. There was no way for declarer to avoid a second heart loser.

"Sorry, Ruth," apologized Sally afterward. "Do you think I should have played Adam for an eight-card suit?"

"Maybe not," Ruth conceded. "But you should have known he didn't have a singleton. Adam is very apt to pass an eight-card major suit, but he surely would have bid hearts if he had had a singleton." "And you know," Sally added, "Ruth was absolutely right." **END**

He's going
to carve
roast beef
with his Ronson!

Isn't that
a bit much
for a little
cigarette lighter?

Are you kidding? They have the new Ronson Carve 'N' Slice Electric Knife. It's sharp. Romps through a roast. Zips through a Porterhouse. And it looks terrific on the table, too. Makes any man a Michelangelo at mealtime. Want a look? Flip the page. Remember, Ronson does a lot more than light cigarettes.

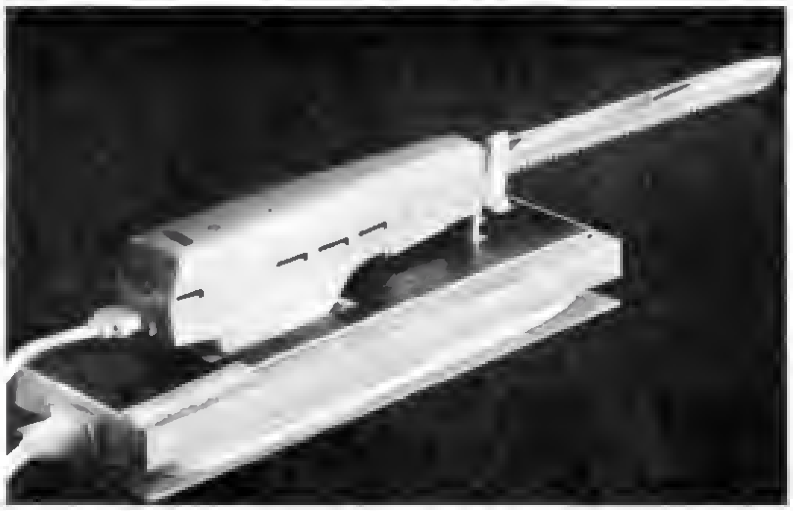
There is a point at which a cut-down adult club (left) is better for children than a specially designed junior club FRANCIS GOLDEN

When a big club suits small boys

© 196

There are two ways to outfit a youngster who is just learning to play golf. You can give him dad's old clubs, cut down to fit him, or buy junior-sized clubs. Either method can be effective—depending on the age and size of the child. Two important points must be kept in mind. First, a child should begin with a club that he can manage with ease, otherwise he will have difficulty learning a rhythmic, sound swing. Second, he should start using adult clubs—either cut down or light ones—as soon as he is able to handle them, otherwise the eventual transition may be a difficult one. I advise the following: if the beginner is 10 or younger he should definitely use junior clubs. They are light, short and balanced to fit someone who is light and short. These are the clubs with which he should learn the fundamentals. As soon as he shows some proficiency with these he should start swinging adult clubs cut down to fit his height. This will probably happen at about age 11 or 12. After he has played for a while with cut-down adult clubs and has grown a little taller, he will find the change to full-length clubs an easy one.

He's going to carve roast beef with his new Ronson Carve 'N' Slice Electric Knife



The Ronson Carve 'N' Slice Electric Knife carves all types and cuts of meat. Slices vegetables, fruits, cheeses, breads and cakes. Shreds cabbage, lettuce for salads. And fast! Great design makes it lighter and easier to use because it's balanced. Wall rack with built-in extension cord can be used as knife stand at table.

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She'll open a can with the new Ronson Can-Do Electric Can Opener. Portable, versatile. Opens any size and shape can. Mixes drinks, whips food, mashes potatoes and sharpens knives. Comes with attachments and handy wall rack.

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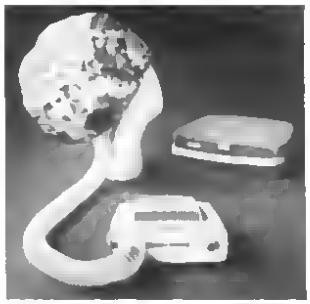

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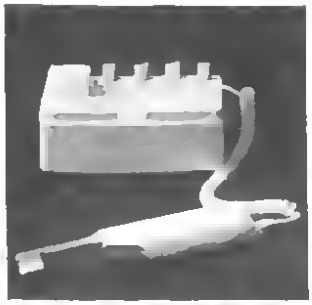

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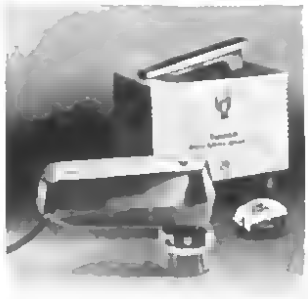

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GOODBY, KANGAROOS

Australia's national symbol and one of nature's unique creatures is being threatened with shameful extinction

BY VIRGINIA KRAFT

No land anywhere is more earnestly and energetically committed to sport than the wonderful world down under, where tennis buffs and sometimes even Olympic swimmers play and practice long into the night and sunbrowned surfers swarm its spectacular shores. Nor are there many people as athletically capable or as admirably competitive as the Australians.

It is all the more shocking therefore that a nation so single-mindedly dedicated to the sporting life is also so singularly amoral about its wildlife. With something of the same determination they bring to the pools and courts, Australians seem to be engaged in an all-out war on everything finned, furred and feathered that moves.

In the less than 200 years since Captain James Cook sailed into Botany Bay and claimed Australia in the name of George III, more than 30 species of native birds and animals, among them some of the oldest and most interesting in the world, have been either annihilated or so nearly eliminated that they have rarely been seen on the continent for decades.

Uncountable thousands of majestic wedge-tailed eagles are poisoned, trapped and shot each year. One Australian alone has killed 2,500 in the past 30 months, another took more than 300 eagles in one day this spring. Some are destroyed for the 28¢ bounty paid on each head, others for apparently no better reason than that they are there.

Along the barrier reef in Western Australia anyone with an outboard dinghy, an eight-foot spear and a strong rope can claim 30 to 40 giant green turtles in a single morning. In a 10-week period recently one chap caught 3,000, ranging in size from 200 to 350 pounds. Most were shipped to Germany, where they were turned into skin creams, suitcases and soups.

Unlike the turtles, Australia's unique emu is turned into nothing, although outbackers do paint and sell to tourists those of its eggs they do not smash. Thousands of these ostrichlike birds are shot annually by ranchers, bounty shooters and weekend plinkers, but the country has yet to match its record bag of the '30s when government machine gunners cut down some 20,000 emus at a crack.

This seems a paltry figure, however, when compared with spectacular koala-bear bags of the previous decade. Without the aid of a single machine gun, annual kills hit two million in the '20s. By 1927 the little bear had disappeared entirely from South Australia and almost

continued

entirely from New South Wales and Victoria. A few managed to survive in Queensland, and the state government took prompt action. It licensed 10,000 trappers, who wiped out 600,000 koalas in less than a month, thus assuring one of Australia's most winsome wild creatures an equally valid claim to being one of its rarest.

But the most spectacular Australian crime against wildlife, the one for which all Australians will be judged most harshly by present and future generations, is the mass murder of its kangaroos. This is not solely an Australian tragedy, but one that reaches far beyond national boundaries.

There is not a schoolchild anywhere who does not know and love these gentle, whimsical wonders of an ancient age. Kangaroos bounce and banter in most of the zoos and circuses of the world, are the subject of games, songs, jokes, stories and, currently, of the latest teen-age gyrations. They have leaped feet first into show business (Victoria, a New York-based kangaroo, is a top TV talent), into politics (an albino kangaroo named Miss once belonged to Harry Truman), into society (a well-heeled kangaroo named Joey set Palm Beach on its diamond-studded ear when it moved in near the Kennedys), and even into midtown traffic (an impatient mother kangaroo named Gertrude found herself stalled on Madison Avenue and startled blase cabbies by leaping, papoose and all, over the roofs of cars).

But for all their extracurricular endeavors abroad, kangaroos are distinctly Australian to the bottoms of their built-in bassinets. No country has a more familiar national emblem. Kangaroos appear on Australia's coat of arms, its stamps, its coins, its airliners and, until recently, on its plains and in its fields.

They will doubtless continue to appear in all the former places, but kangaroos may not turn up again in the great, open outback down under. One of the facts of wildlife that Australians have yet to learn, and that Americans learned all too well in their own not entirely guiltless past, is that it is relatively easy to eliminate a species but impossible to bring it back again. In the finality of extinction, there is no room for second thoughts.

How did this all come about? What prompts a people, considered among the most highly civilized in the world, to ruthlessly slaughter a national symbol? And why now, in the year 1965, after an incredible history of survival, should the kangaroo suddenly find itself unable to meet this most serious challenge of its 20 million years on earth?

The answers are surprisingly simple. Antagonism between ranchers and roos began almost the moment the first sheep were brought into Australia. It did not take the ranchers long to decide that every meal a kangaroo ate was one less for their stock, and they lost little sleep choosing sides. As far back as 1871 graziers, as they are called, began using rifles to keep kangaroo populations in check. Whenever grass or water were short or range competition was excessive, they were justified in doing so. Even with such control measures, kangaroos continued to survive comfortably for almost 100 years.

Then four things happened in the 1960s that changed everything. Kangaroo fur, which had never been particularly popular—or pretty—suddenly turned up with a new look, and it was a very chic look indeed. Radical innovations in tanning, treating and bleaching had turned the marsupial version of the sow's ear into a smashing success. Overnight kangaroo became the In fur. Sydney furriers were swamped with demands from all over the world for kangaroo coats, jackets, ski parkas and car robes.

At the same time that kangaroo fur was becoming high fashion, kangaroo leather was leaping into its own. Australian tanners had long supplied kangaroo hides for such specialized items as football shoes, Swiss walking shorts and Scottish bagpipes. Kangaroo leather is frequently pocked and marred by tick bites, but European and U.S. merchants, eager to cash in on the sudden kangaroo craze, could not have cared less. Even supposedly conservation-minded Abercrombie & Fitch found the temptation irresistible. This spring the store ran half-page ads in *The New York Times* touting the "unique texture" of the leather.

Kangaroo carcasses, stripped clean of hides and hams and left to rot by the hundreds in the blazing outback sun, are grotesque evidence of Australia's continuing carnage of its rare native wildlife.

A half million hides a year are being processed in Brisbane alone to meet soaring demands.

The kangaroo's sudden, disastrous popularity was not limited to fashion. While Australian furriers and tanners were busy thinking of new ways to wrap people up in kangaroos, Australian meat packers were busy figuring out how to wrap up the kangaroo. They soon came up with a multimillion-dollar pet-food business. By 1963 mechanized teams of professional kangaroo shooters were operating from mobile freezing units scattered all over the outback. With deadly aim—aided by dashboard rests, telescopic sights and electric spotlights—efficient marksmen were each bringing down anywhere from 35 to 100 kangaroos in an evening. Before they finally began running out of targets, more than 500 full-time shooters and at least five times that many weekenders had joined the elite corps of kangaroo killers. Daily bags at the peak of the boom reached such staggering proportions that Australia found itself with considerably more pet food than pets. Japan, Germany and the U.S. eagerly bought the surplus, a portion of which—passing as Pennsylvania sausage—found its way into some very unpetlike stomachs.

"No native animal can stand up to the reported death rate of 10 million a year," Australian Zoologist Jock Marshall warned last summer in an impassioned newspaper plea to "stop the slaughter." Had anyone bothered to listen, it is possible that even then, at that late date, the kangaroo might have been pulled from the edge of extinction. But this spring a fourth and final catastrophe compounded the carnage of fur, hide and meat shooters. A disastrous drought, the worst and most widespread in 19 years, turned the Australian outback into a scorched, sun-scarred dust bowl. As the last burned, brown grass dug dying roots into the parched earth, hope for the kangaroo withered too.

I was there in the outback when the kangaroo was fighting and losing its battle for survival. Nobody seemed to notice. Nobody, in fact, seemed willing even to admit that the kangaroo was in danger at all. I had no idea that such a situation existed when I arrived in Australia this spring, nor had I anticipated being a witness to the tragedy.

Over the years I had heard about wild and daring outbackers who hunted kangaroos from horseback, galloping after big 6- and 7-foot roos over treacherous terrain at speeds up to 30 miles an hour. The chase was tough, the shooting difficult, and the sport challenging. "Suicidal," said a Nepalese gentleman who had tried it, "but unbelievably thrilling." I had come to Australia to find out for myself.

Considerable preliminaries preceded my arrival. Top kangaroo areas were scouted, guides were located, provisions were stocked, transportation into the outback—that endless, empty expanse between the coasts—was arranged. I was met at the Sydney airport with pages of closely typed itinerary. Prospects for the hunt were great. At least half a dozen graziers had extended eager invitations for me to shoot on their stations, as sheep and cattle ranches in the outback are called. Kangaroos were everywhere in pest proportions, they reported, and anyone who wanted to help thin them out was more than welcome. This supported reports I had read of population explosions that were hitting kangaroos even harder than people.

The first hint I had that all was not kosher in the kangaroo kingdom came when I reached the frontier town of Bourke (population 2,200), some 400 miles northwest of Sydney. I do not think I actually expected to see kangaroos squatting on the runway when the little plane set down on the dusty dirt strip, but I did hope to see a few on the five miles of broad, open plain between the landing field and town. I had never seen a kangaroo outside a zoo, and I was as excited as any 10-year-old at the idea. But peer as I might beneath coolibah tree and budda bush, I saw none that day.

My next misgivings came when I pulled on my boots and inquired about the horses. They had, it seemed, been supplanted by wheels. Yesterday's hitching posts were today's petrol pumps, and the last of the cowboys back of the beyond had long since traded saddles for spare tires. "Never heard of any roo shooters in these parts using horses," one of my guides said. "We use jeeps or pickups. Much faster and a lot easier. You'll see."

That night I did. We left Bourke after lunch, driving northwest along a narrow ribbon of red dust toward a horizon that seemed a million miles away. The land between stretched vast and vacant, naked but for sporadic patches of dry grass and the spindly silhouettes of scattered acacia trees. "When they can't find a tree to mark the mileage on," the driver said, "they just whitewash a cow or sheep skull and use that." There were plenty of skulls around.

Rainfall in the outback is spoken of in decimal points, and on the stations graziers quote the day's, or the week's, or the month's measure like solemn stockbrokers announcing Dow Jones averages. The 10 inches or so that fall each year may come all at once, to be drained in a single thirsty gulp, or, maddeningly, the water may be doled out drop by steaming drop, to be burned away by the blazing sun even before it touches the earth. In good times, when the 1,750-mile Darling River, the continent's longest, is full and the broad reaches of its basin are green with grass, this is some of Australia's best sheep pasture. It is also prime kangaroo country.

Our vehicles were Australian versions of a Chevrolet pickup and a panel truck. The latter was stocked with tins of meat and vegetables, fruits, canned beer and soda, a collection of Australian wines that were ridiculously cheap and remarkably good, insect repellent, bedrolls and miscellaneous hunting impedimenta. The pickup was empty except for two drums of gasoline and one of water.

About 100 miles out of Bourke we turned off the "main" road onto an even narrower, dustier track crossed periodically by wooden gates that were fastened with an infinite and imaginative variety of locks, hooks and hasps. This was a typical stock road, one of countless that crisscross the stations, serving both as means of getting sheep and cattle to market and as a link between the isolated outposts of the hinterlands.

continued

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KANGAROOS *continued*

We drove for an hour, and still we saw no signs of life, human or animal. Finally we came to a weather-beaten wooden house surrounded by sagging chicken wire and the accumulated debris of better times. A tall, bony man in his middle 60s looked up from the screened veranda that ran around the house, matter-of-factly nodded "Heygowan?" which is Australian for "How are things going?" and went back to paring potatoes. His varicosed legs and leathery face were so browned that his light eyes and neatly clipped mustache seemed colorless. His wide-brimmed hat, short shorts and tennis shoes made him appear an incongruous combination of British army and Bowery bum.

In the peculiar vernacular of the outback, he was the "offside" on the station. The title stems from the time when every grazier rode to market with a chap who stood offside on the running board to open and shut gates along the way. Today it applies to a legion of old, otherwise jobless men who live on stations where there are no women, performing necessary household chores in return for their keep.

We asked the old fellow about kangaroos. "Mobs of them out there," he beamed, gesturing vaguely. "Danged roos all over the place, eating up the feed, drinking all the water, ruining the land. Regular pests they are.

"If you want to shoot a few, try the west bore." He squinted gleefully. "That's the only water left on the place with this drought. Roos are so thick out there, the stock can't pass between 'em."

We asked if he would show us the way to the bore, which was a water pump on the western edge of the station, but he shook his head. "'Fraid I'm flat out, mates," he said. "I've still to feed the fowl, water the garden and make the meal. But I'll give you a mud map." With a silvery twig of a mulga tree he scratched a rough route in the red sand and pointed toward the dipping sun.

It was twilight when we got there. A half dozen emus looked up, startled, then, stiff-kneed, raced along beside us for a while. Farther on a fox crouched beneath a clump of saltbush. Then, at last, I saw a kangaroo.

It was about the size of a boxer dog. It sat very still and watched us, wrinkling its nose and peering with nearsighted curiosity in our direction.

"Good shot for you there," one of the men said, and I turned to see if he were serious. The kangaroo continued to look at us as I got out my camera.

"Wait, we'll get in closer," the driver said. We drove to within 50 yards of the animal. Still it watched us, unalarmed. We drove closer. Finally, shrugging its shoulders, it hopped away on enormous flat-soled feet, its forepaws poised at chest level as if gripping the handles of some invisible pogo stick.

"That must have been a baby," I said. The men shook their heads.

"Average gray," one said. "Not big, but not a joey either."

I had expected a much larger animal, one that stood at least as tall as a man. My books had described the great gray kangaroo as "seven feet tall and weighing 150 pounds or more." Indeed, in planning the trip, I had emphasized that I was interested in hunting only the largest, fastest animals, and my guides had assured me that this was the place to find them. But so far the sole kangaroo produced in two days and considerable mileage looked alarmingly like a pet.

"You'll see more now," the driver, Clive, said. "Roos lie around during the day sleeping and staying out of the sun, but in the evening they start feeding. That's the time to get them."

He unscrewed the glass from the windscreen of the pickup, then hooked a large round searchlight into a cradle that hung from the roof and showed me how he could spot a 180° arc while driving.

Next he cheeked out the rifle. It was a new Mauser-action 243, with a four-power scope, lent by one of the graziers for my use. He set a wooden box about 60 yards from the truck, carefully anchored the rifle barrel on a pad on the steering wheel and put three shots within a one-inch circle on the box. The rifle was fine.

"Bring on the kangaroos," he grinned and handed me the rifle. Suddenly the whole idea seemed very unattractive.

"I think I'll watch first," I said.

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Just then Clive swung the truck off the road and flicked on the spot. A kangaroo, barely larger than the first, squinted blindly into the circle of light.

"Nice little skin," Clive said as he steadied on the steering wheel and fired.

"Now if I were meat shooting, I'd have aimed for the chest," he explained, "but when you're shooting for skin, which is my cup of tea, you have to hit them in the hip. That way you don't mark up the hide."

"A head shot wouldn't mark up the hide," I said, "or ruin the meat either." It was a naive comment. Head shots are harder to make, and few kangaroo shooters try. They pride themselves on bringing something down with every bullet.

We drove to where Clive's kangaroo had fallen. It struggled to get up, flailing big feet at the air and flinging its body in violent half circles as if pinioned by one hip to the ground. It was making low, snorting noises like a child trying to stifle sobs it can no longer control, and all the while it looked at us with dumb, hurt eyes.

Clive picked up a rock and hit it several times on the skull. Its muscles continued to twitch long after it was dead. I watched the horizon fade into night shadows and tried to take my mind to some other place.

In a dozen years of hunting I have taken my share of game, and along the way I have experienced my share of the myriad and mixed emotions that are part of the sport. I have been awed and angered, elated and saddened, thrilled and unbelievably terrified. There have been good shots and bad; impossible chases and improbable ones; tough trophies and some that were easier. Not all of the encounters have been without regret, but the challenges have been fair and the victories honestly won. This is the substance of hunting and the reason the sport needs no apology. But what happened that evening on a remote Australian plain was not sport. It was slaughter.

We made camp near the bore and uncorked the good Australian wine. Long into the night, while the shadowy silhouettes of sheep and cattle and smaller creatures shuffled past us to drink, we talked of what had happened earlier, and of what was happening all over Australia. These were not evil men, nor were they consciously cruel. They loved their vast, virile land, and they had genuine affection for the animal that symbolizes it. But until that evening, they had not ever really analyzed their actions in terms of its future or faced the fact of an Australia without kangaroos.

Clive was typical of hundreds of roo shooters produced by the boom. He had little schooling and no specialized skills, but he had a good eye and a fondness for being outdoors. Shooting kangaroos offered him a chance to turn both into a living. He did not think beyond this immediate economic fact. And so he packed a new bride, a not-so-new .222 rifle and a couple of bedrolls into his pickup and headed into the hinterlands.

For almost a year, with only occasional Saturday nights off to drink beer or the strange mixture of beer and lemon soda that outbackers call shandy, Clive shot while his wife spotted, and then together they skinned and stretched pelts until the back of their truck was full. They rarely stopped before 2 or 3 in the morning because, to make a decent living at the game, it was necessary to shoot at least 20, preferably 30, kangaroos each night. They got $1 for a prime skin — one that was cleaned, dried and bore only a single neat hip hole — and in a good week they often cleared more than $100 over operating expenses.

But this winter Clive began to notice that he was working harder to make his day's wage. His wife became pregnant at about the same time, and he decided to try a more stable trade. Though he still did some roo shooting to supplement his income as a mechanic, the profits seemed to decrease each week. Even then it did not occur to him that perhaps kangaroos had decreased, too.

"Oh, I noticed there wasn't as many big skins around, and they took more looking for," he told me, "but who would ever think of running out of roos?" The answer, I learned in the days that followed, was nobody.

From that evening on, what had begun as a hunting trip became instead a chronicle of the kangaroo's struggle for

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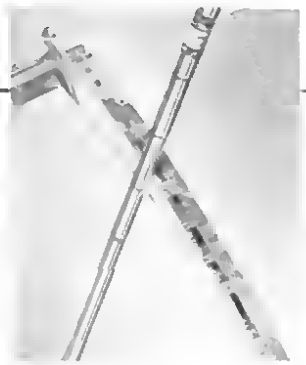

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KANGAROOS *continued*

survival. From dawn until long after dark, in 110° heat and blazing sun, through dust storms and dense clouds of flies, we crisscrossed the remote reaches of New South Wales, passing at last into western Queensland and the even more remote region Australians describe as "the place the world forgot." A great wire fence separates the two states, running for hundreds of miles along the border. There are supposed to be more dingos, native wild dogs that prey on stock, in Queensland than in N.S.W., and the purpose of the fence is to keep them there. The penalty for neglecting to close the gate in Hungerford (population 20, tennis courts 4) is $225 and six months in jail. We followed the old pioneer bullock-team trail north, stopping at station after distant station along the way. At each the kangaroo picture grew grimmer.

In the utter isolation of outback life, even a stranger's visit is a welcome interlude, and the graziers and their families were eager to chat with us. Most, if they had noticed at all, seemed undisturbed by failing kangaroo numbers. This incredible indifference was apparent everywhere.

Even in good times, just to survive in the outback is a day-to-day struggle," Australia's leading outdoor authority, Vic McCristal, told me. "You have to actually come out here and see how tough the life is, as you are doing, to understand how these people can be the way they are about wildlife. Most see any animal that can't be turned into pounds sterling as useless. If it happens to eat their grass or drink their water, they see it as taking something that belongs to them, and they figure they have a right to protect their own. It does not matter that the animals may have been there first, or even that they may not be harming a thing.

"Most of these people are decent and friendly," McCristal added, "but many of them would be very happy to live in a country completely bare of roos, eagles and most other wildlife."

This was especially clear whenever a grazier spoke of kangaroo damage, and the majority of them did. The Australians

continued

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have been given a brainwashing on the subject of kangaroo damage that makes the unthink experts behind the Iron Curtain seem like apprentices.

"A kind of mass hysteria seems to grip large sections of the community at the mention of kangaroos," said an eminent wildlife biologist. "A complaint by graziers in the Wilcannia district can be followed by a host of complaints from all over New South Wales, and in places where only small populations of kangaroos exist and are rather uncommon."

"The fact that each female may only produce one young annually," added another biologist, "leads one to find reports of 'population explosions' as untenable."

Of the many graziers we met who complained of kangaroo damage, not one was able to show us more than three scraggly roos. Yet remarkably, these ranchers assured us that roo shooting would stop the instant the kangaroo was in danger. At the moment, they insisted, this certainly was not the case.

Most, I think, believed this to be so or wanted to believe it. Some deliberately looked the other way for fear of learning the unpleasant truth. But a few were beginning to ask themselves exactly how much damage can be done by kangaroos that are not there.

The roo shooters we met, on the other hand, could no longer ignore what was becoming obvious from thinning pocketbooks. One chap who, a year ago, regularly shot 70 kangaroos a night, and sometimes exceeded 100, now found it hard to take even a third that number.

"I never drove more than five miles to get them, either," he said, "but now I drive 80 or 90 miles in a night."

"It hardly pays anymore," another shooter complained. "You work six hours for maybe two roos. Singles. If you're lucky they're does, each with a joey in the pouch or near by. At least that's an extra skin even if it's small. But the big mobs we used to find are all gone."

At one station a meat shooter took me inside his chiller, the mobile, diesel-powered meat coolers that park all over the outback like huge, cabless moving vans. Hundreds of skinned, dismembered carcasses hung from pipe racks on one

continued

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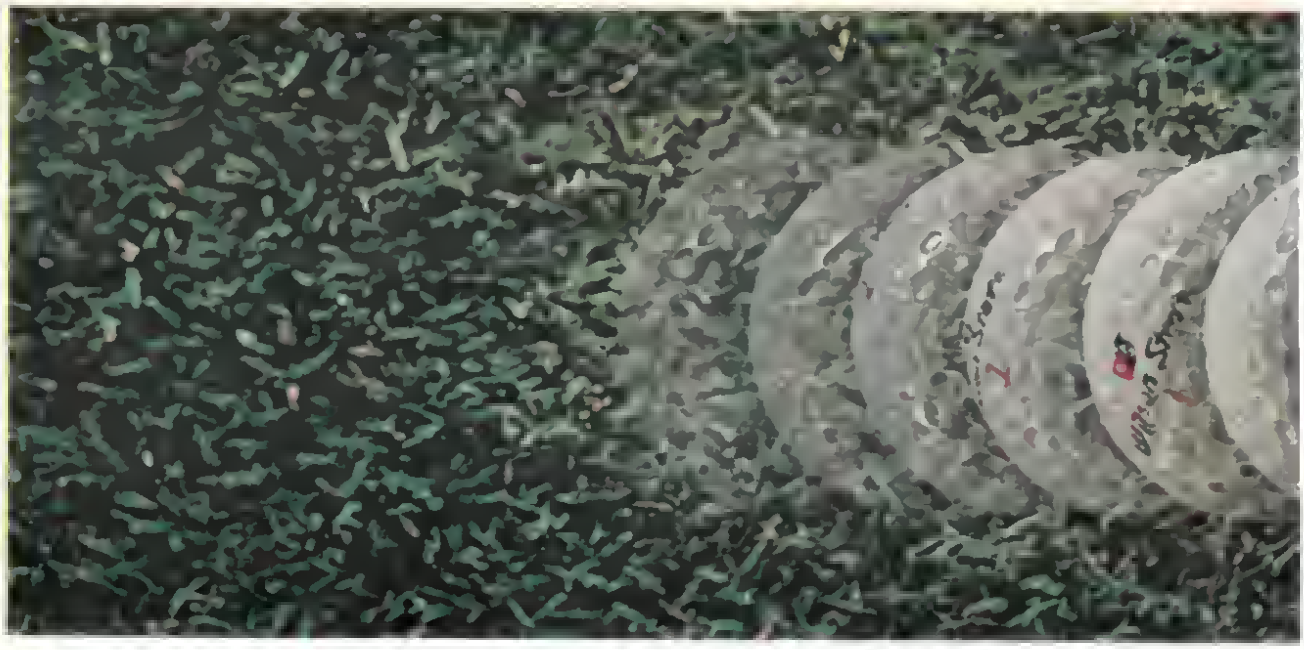

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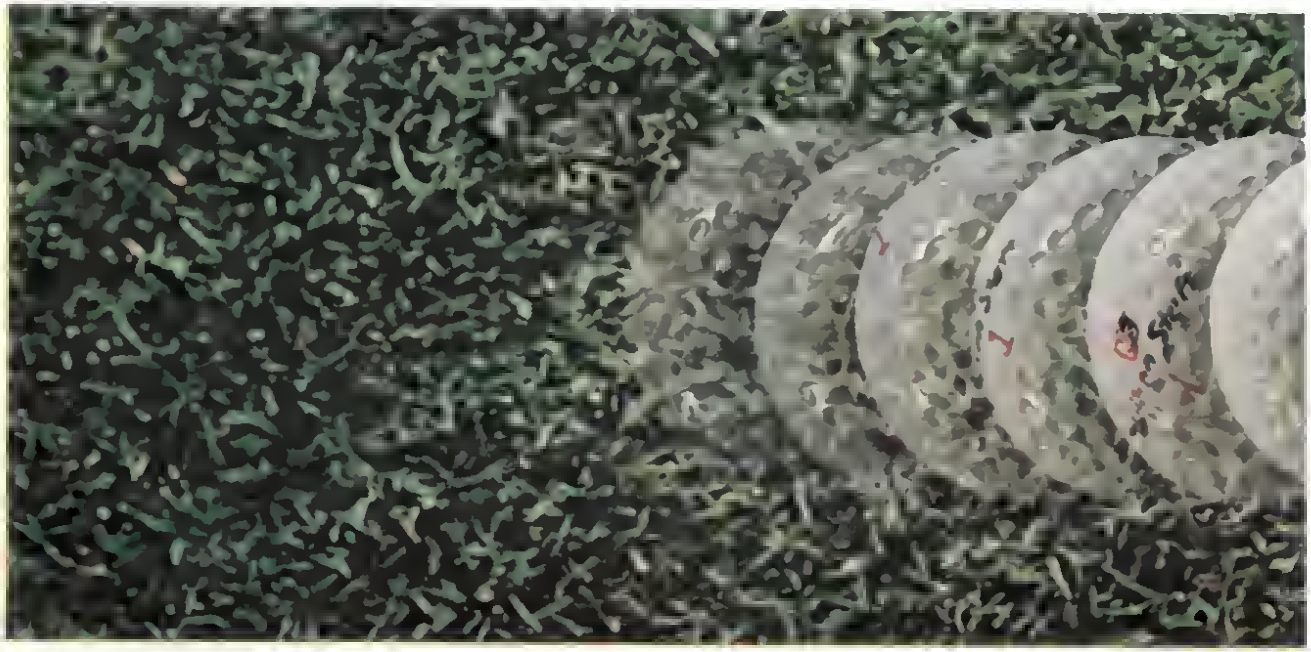

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side of the chiller. On the other side the carcasses were all about the size of jackrabbits. I asked what they were.

"Roos, same as the others," the shooter explained. "They have this fool law about it being illegal to shoot roos smaller than 30 pounds. Makes no sense when you can't hardly find a roo bigger than that anymore. Sense or no, we can't sell them little critters till they lower the size limit, so we hang them over there. In a good chiller like this, they'll keep two, three months. By then the law is sure to be changed."

"But if you shoot all the breeding stock, and then you shoot the young as well," I asked, "aren't you afraid that there will be no kangaroos left at all?"

"Heck, that could never happen in Australia," he said.

When I suggested that it might already be happening and told him about how few kangaroos we had found anywhere on our travels, a suggestion of doubt crossed his face. I told him about watching one watering hole where the kangaroos were supposed to be especially heavy and of seeing only two scrawny specimens in twice that many hours.

"Sure can't figure that," he said, and he was honestly puzzled. "The roos are always thick as flies at that hole. Why, just last month I took 2,000 from that very spot."

Like the fellow who killed the goose for its golden eggs, he really did not understand the mechanics of the problem. Eventually he will, but by then the few remaining roos on the station will all be in his chiller. To the kangaroo's misfortune, it is another fact of wildlife that ignorance, whether deliberate or inadvertent, is often easier and economically more profitable than understanding.

In Australia ignorance apparently is also politically more profitable. For several years now, state and federal legislators have been singularly deaf and blind to the impending kangaroo crisis, not because they care nothing for kangaroos but because they care more for the substantial grazier vote. To cultivate it, they have shamelessly looked the other way, ignoring not only the evidence of their own eyes but the protests of the few foresighted people like Jock Marshall, who

continued

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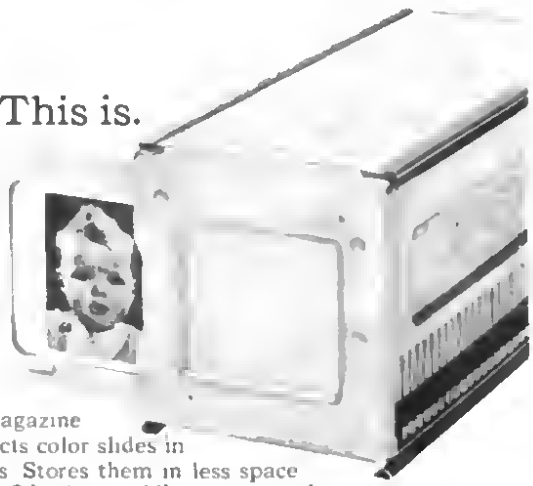

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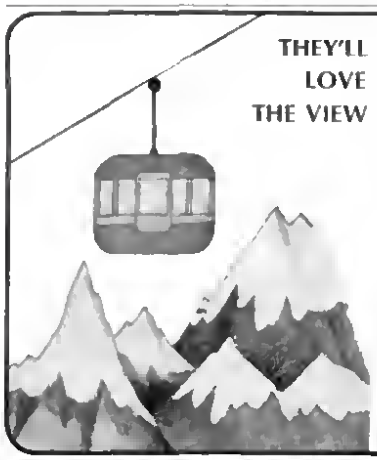

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KANGAROOS continued

feared for the kangaroo's future even before the current disastrous drought.

More than a year ago Basil J. Marlow, curator of mammals at the Australian Museum, warned that kangaroos will be exterminated like America's passenger pigeon unless haphazard slaughter for the benefit of a few individuals is replaced by organized scientific control.

"It is not the will of the people," wrote the Australian Novelist Ernestine Hill of what she termed The Great Australian Slaughter, "but they are asleep with the sheep in the sun. . . . To everything but their own gain one finds them increasingly blind, deaf and dumb."

Reporting "a pessimistic picture of depleted kangaroo numbers" in the once heavily populated Wanaaring district, field officers and former professional shooters there publicly urged legislators to recognize that "it is imperative that no further shooting should be conducted here for two years."

"Kangaroos cannot survive the present system of shooting them off private properties despite smug assurances from grazing interests," protested a Labor Party executive to the N.S.W. state government. In a classic compromise, the state government closed its open season on kangaroo shooting while in the same breath extending to all landholders carte blanche license to shoot or to authorize the shooting of kangaroos on their own properties. As far as the kangaroo was concerned, nothing had changed at all.

There is no question that suitable, sensible legislation might have prevented the current catastrophe, might still, in fact, salvage some small segment of the species. Laws that will be respected and enforced, laws based on fact instead of favor, are desperately needed now in Australia. Wherever actual kangaroo overpopulations exist, unlikely as this is today, they should certainly be cropped for man's use, but such cropping must be scientifically substantiated and scrupulously supervised. Embargoes on exports of meat, hides and skins are obvious, immediate measures that would dramatically reduce market shooting. A strict boycott of all kangaroo products, both in Australia and abroad, would also help stem the slaughter.

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KANGAROOS

But all legislation is meaningless until Australians everywhere first recognize for themselves the timeless, intangible worth of their unique wildlife and realize that its long-range values far outweigh the brief rewards of its plunder.

They must set aside, regardless of personal interest or inconvenience, vast portions of their country for reserves and sanctuaries, both to protect and preserve native fauna and to permit ecologists an opportunity to study it. Remarkably little of a scientific nature is known about Australian wildlife and its applications to agriculture, medicine and biology. Yet from such studies of wildlife elsewhere, man has improved his own life tremendously.

Certainly greater knowledge of the game may well produce new answers to its survival. Already two scientific studies completed in Australia only this year have refuted one widely accepted theory about kangaroos while establishing a little-known fact about the animal's range. One report indicated that kangaroos prefer harsher species of grass, particularly the wire grasses which are unpalatable to stock. Where pastures are improved by the introduction of exotic grasses for stock grazing, kangaroos tend to move on to unimproved parts of such properties. The second study, which took two years and covered 3,000 square miles, proved that kangaroos do not range far afield. No tagged kangaroo was ever recovered more than 20 miles from its point of original capture, little change in distribution occurred although the population declined greatly during this period. From these findings alone, it is clear that a program of multiple land use (a concept which has had great success in the U.S.) and a system of managed reserves are both sound and proved conservation measures that would work in Australia.

But time is running out. In a country that, astonishingly, has never had a national conservation program of any kind, to take even these first tentative steps toward saving the natural glory of its wildlife will demand better than Davis Cup determination. Whether Australians are up to the challenge or not remains to be seen. **END**

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BASEBALL'S WEEK by MARK MULVOY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

CLEVELAND (4–3) Outfielder Vic Davalillo is called Yo-Yo, but the moniker should have been applied to the Indians. As usual, they were up and down—winning four, then losing three. General Manager Gabe Paul silenced Birdie Tebbetts' critics when he extended the manager's contract through 1966. Southpaw Jack Kralick finally won. Fred Whitfield beat Robin Roberts 1–0 with a single. And little Davalillo, only 5 feet 7 inches and 150 pounds, passed muscleman Outfielder Leon Wagner in RBIs when he knocked in six runs one night last week against Boston. Vic played with his left thumb taped, his right ankle tightly wrapped and his left hip heavily bandaged. Davalillo, 25, was a full-time pitcher part-time pinch hitter until 1962 at Jacksonville. The manager sent him to center field, and Vic hit .346. He was Cleveland's regular center fielder the next spring. Admitted Tebbetts, "Vic's the best first baseman we have, too, but at 5 feet 7 inches he isn't a very good target." The Indians need the speedy Davalillo, a genuine ballhawk, in center field between Leon Wagner and Rocky Colavito. "I can go as far as I want either way," grinned Davalillo. Vic traced part of his batting prowess to "hitting left-handed pitchers to left field like No. 1 [Tebbetts] tells me." Reliever Bob Lee (two saves, one win and one home run) led LOS ANGELES' (4–3) revival against Chicago and Minnesota. The Angels were 1–6 against the same teams the previous week on the road. Laughed Lee, "Even the big, bad Twins can't hurt you here in Chavez Ravine." Jimmy Piersall's career probably ended when he suffered a broken kneecap after crashing into a foul pole. BOSTON (4–3) rookie Jim Lonborg shut out New York and stopped Cleveland. Dalton Jones was 14 for 26. Dick Radatz lost another game, also failed to maintain a tie score. Said Manager Billy Herman, "It looks like I've got to lose with that guy." Whitey Ford three-hit Washington, and suddenly the NEW YORK (4–4) world was not so bleak. Crying for pitching help, BALTIMORE (3–4) Manager Hank Bauer still refused Chicago's offer of Juan Pizarro for Oriole Outfielder Sam Bowens. "If we ever gave them Bowens," said Bauer, "I'd be afraid the White Sox would win by 20 games." CHICAGO (3–3) lost three in a row. Gary Peters gave up five runs, didn't retire a batter in Los Angeles. Manager Sam Mele benched MINNESOTA (3–3) sluggers Bob Allison and Harmon Killebrew after four straight losses. Jim Gentile and Wayne Causey, high-salaried KANSAS CITY (2–3) stars, did not play against left-handers. WASHINGTON (3–4) locked its dressing room for more than an hour after squandering ninth- and 10th-inning leads against DETROIT (3–4). The Tigers lost their fourth straight doubleheader. Although he delayed his return until May 31, Manager Charley Dressen said he told Denny McLain to "throw the ball, don't aim it," and that was why McLain had shut out the Senators.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Manager Gene Mauch of PHILADELPHIA (2–5) talked a good game, but that was all. Poking at ST. LOUIS' (6–1) poor pitching, Mauch stated: "The Cardinals are just hoping when they get beyond Bob Gibson." So, in successive games against the Phillies, the Cards' Ray Sadecki tossed a five-hitter to win his first after four losses, and Bob Purkey won with two innings of perfect relief. Then Gibson beat the Phils 12–2 for his eighth straight victory. Mauch still maintained, "The Phillies have enough talent to stand the league on its ear." CINCINNATI (4–1) was not convinced, either. The Reds grabbed two more from Philadelphia before losing on Catcher Johnny Edwards' error in the 10th inning. Concluded Mauch, "Generally we have to hit better, field better and pitch better." The Cardinals' pennant look—tight defense, daring speed and the clutch long ball—resulted in six straight wins. Catcher Tim McCarver hit four home runs. The Reds fielded at least six .300 hitters in every game and had the league's leading hitter in Gordy Coleman (.417). To remind the now svelte Coleman of his weight problem of past years, a teammate placed a giant tin of potato chips, five cartons of cheese dip and several stems of chilled beer in front of Coleman's locker after a game in which he went 4 for 5. For the week Coleman, who platoons at first base with Tony Perez, was 7 for 12, while Perez was 4 for 9. Joe Nuxhall beat Philadelphia, even though he was ejected late in the game for leading the bench jockeys. Dick Ellsworth of CHICAGO (4–2) beat the Dodgers with a 14-hitter, just six days after he had lost a one-hitter to them. Manager Bob Kennedy again complained that other clubs were stealing the Cubs's signs, especially after the opposition picked off three Chicago runners with pitchouts. Ron Fairly of LOS ANGELES (3–3) personally wrecked Houston. In successive games Fairly knocked in the tie-breaking run in the 11th inning, ruined Ken Johnson's no-hit bid with a double in the seventh and cracked a two-run homer to win in the 14th. Eddie Mathews (grand-slam homer) and Wade Blasingame (one-hitter) spoiled Warren Spahn's first start in MILWAUKEE (3–3). SAN FRANCISCO (4–3) was staked to early leads when Willie Mays hit three more first-inning home runs (six for the year). Bill Mazeroski returned to the PITTSBURGH (3–2) lineup, helped the Pirates take three straight from the Braves. NEW YORK (0–6) experienced late-game difficulties. The Braves turned Jim Hickman's smash into a game-ending double play after the Mets had loaded the bases. Trying to complete a similar double play for the Mets against St. Louis, Shortstop Roy McMillan threw wildly past first, two runs scored, and the Cardinals won 5–4. And Ron Swoboda botched a routine fly, allowing the Cards to tie a game and later win it. HOUSTON (2–5) Pitcher Ken Johnson saw Outfielder Jim Wynn misjudge Jim Ray Hart's fly into an inside-the-dome home run, then was traded to Milwaukee for Lee Maye.

TEAM LEADERS: OFFENSE

NATIONAL LEAGUE

		Hits		TB		SB
LA	Parker	43	Parker	60	Wills	21
Cin	Pinson	48	Pinson	83	Harper-Pinson	7
StL	Flood	48	Flood	79	Brock	17
SF	J. Alou	55	Mays	118	Kuenn	3
Mil	Torre	38	Torre	70	Aaron	4
Chi	Williams	43	Santo	73	Beckert	4
Hou	Aspromonte	42	Wynn	68	Wynn	5
Phil	Allen	48	Allen	84	Taylor, Johnson	2
NY	Kranepool	42	Kranepool	64	Christopher	2
Pitt	Clendenon	39	Clendenon	55	Virdon	3

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Chi	Cater	40	Cater	59	Buford	3
Minn	Versalles	41	Versalles	73	3 tied with	3
Det	McAuliffe	43	McAuliffe	78	McAuliffe	3
Clev	Davalillo	39	Wagner	59	Howser	6
LA	Cardenal	42	Cardenal	62	Cardenal	7
Balt	Aparicio	40	Aparicio	68	Aparicio	5
Bos	Green	37	Conigliaro	64	3 tied with	2
NY	Richardson	40	Tresh	69	Mantle-Pepitone	2
Wash	Howard	36	Howard	61	Blasingame	3
KC	Campaneris	40	Gentile	57	Campaneris	10

Includes games of Saturday, May 22, 1965

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

VIC DAVALILLO

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOWLING—The classic six-still all-events title of the American Bowling Congress tournament in St. Paul, the only title that brings a cash prize ($4,000), was won by TOM HENNESSEY of St. Louis, who bowled a 12-game total of 2,549 pins. BOB KENNICUTT took the classic singles with 697, LARRY OAKAR and BILL BEACH the doubles with 1,355 and THELMA LANES of Louisville the five-man team title with 6,151 for six games.

After 42 days of competition between more than 4,000 teams and 20,000 individuals, the Woman's International Bowling Congress tournament in Portland, Ore. ended with DORIS RUDITT (659) the singles winner, BETTY REMMICK and MARY ANN WHITE (1,264) the doubles winners, DONNA ZIMMERMAN (1,833) the all-events titlist and the BELMONT PRO SHOP of Chicago (2,929) the team champion.

BOXING—In a 10-round unanimous decision at Madison Square Garden, former middleweight champion DICK TIGER of Nigeria defeated Ruhin Carter, flooring him twice in the second round and once in the fourth (*page 28*).

MASAHIKO (Fighting) HARADA, 22, of Japan, who won the flyweight championship of the world for three months when he was 19, won the world's bantamweight title with a 15-round split decision over Eder Jofre of Brazil in Nagoya. The fight was Jofre's eighth title defense since 1961 (all of them had been won by knockout) and his first loss in 50 fights.

GOLF—Starting the final round of the $60,000 Memphis Open five strokes behind the leader, Julius Boros, JACK NICKLAUS shot four straight birdies on the 9th through the 12th holes and went on to tie Johnny Pott at the end of regulation play with a 271. Nicklaus then took the title with a par 4 on the first hole of the sudden-death playoff when Pott drove into muddy rough and trees and ended with a bogey.

MICKEY WRIGHT, despite a four-over-par 75 in the last round, won the Dallas Civitan tournament, only her second this year.

HARNESS RACING—SPEEDY SCOT ($2.70) took the $25,000 Girldistrib Maid at Roosevelt Raceway, his 40th win in 49 races, by 1¼ lengths over Express Rodney. Su Mac Lad finished third, three-quarters of a length farther back.

HORSE RACING—Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' AFFECTIONATELY ($9.80), a 5-year-old mare, beat George D. Widener's Steeple Jill by eight lengths to win the 1¼-mile Top Flight Handicap at Aqueduct. For her trainer, Hirsch Jacobs, it was the eighth winner in 21 stakes races run this year at Aqueduct.

The world record of 1:20 for seven furlongs was equaled by NATIVE DIVER ($5.80), Jerry Lambert up, when the 6-year-old horse defeated Viking Spirit by a neck in the $55,100 Los Angeles Handicap at Hollywood Park.

MOTOR SPORTS—A Ferrari driven by Britain's JOHN SURTEES and Italy's LUDOVICO SCARFIOTTI completed the 1,000-km sports car race at the Nurburgring in Germany in a record 6:53.05 (an average speed of 90.46 mph), giving Ferrari its fourth consecutive victory there; after a record. It was the first time the race has been run in less than seven hours.

The longest and richest U.S. stock-car race, the $110,710 World 600 at the Charlotte (N.C.) Motor Speedway, was won by FRED LORENZEN of Elmhurst, Ill., the first driver to win the event twice. His Ford took the lead for good on the 225th lap of the 400-lap race and finished three seconds ahead of Earl Balmer in a 1964 Mercury.

ROWING—Three University of WASHINGTON crews swept the collegiate events at the Western sprints regatta in Seattle, beating the Long Beach freshmen by two lengths, the California junior varsity by a length and a surprising University of British Columbia varsity by 9-10 of a second.

TENNIS—DENNIS RALSTON and BILLIE JEAN MOFFITT, the No. 1 man and No. 5 woman nationally, became California singles titlists when Ralston defeated Chuck McKinley 4-6, 6-1, 6-2, 6-3 and Mrs. Moffitt beat Rosemary Casals 6-2, 8-6 at the state championships in Palo Alto.

TRACK & FIELD—Setting a new collegiate mark of 52 feet 8¾ inches for the hop, step and jump, CLARENCE ROBINSON led Hugh Hackett's NEW MEXICO University team to the championship of the Western Athletic Conference in Albuquerque (*page 66*).

ROBIN TINGLE of Missouri ran the fastest college mile of the year (4:00.3) at the Midwest Federation championships in Kansas City, and Kansas' TOM PURMA hurled the javelin 245 feet 3 inches, 15 feet better than his previous best, to beat Big Eight champion Bill Floerke of Kansas State, he almost five feet. Scoring in 12 of 16 events and winning five individual titles, MICHIGAN STATE's trackmen won their first Big Ten conference title in Iowa City. The University of OREGON won only three events—KEN MOORE's 1,000-meter steeplechase in 9:05.5, his three-mile run in 13:45 and NEAL STEINHAUER's 61-foot 6-inch shot put—but still managed to gather 55 points, enough to succeed Southern California as champion in the Pacific Athletic Conference. Oregon State's MORGAN GROTH broke a five-year-old meet record in the 880 with a time of 1:47.5, the best half mile in the nation this season.

GAR WILLIAMS of Chicago's Empire Harriers won the national AAU marathon championship in Yonkers, N.Y. in 2 hours, 33 minutes, 50.6 seconds.

MILEPOSTS—AWARDED: To BOBBY HULL of the Chicago Black Hawks, the Hart Trophy as the NHL's Most Valuable Player last season.

AWARDED: The U.S. Naval Academy's Thompson Trophy and its Athletic Association Sword to Quarterback ROGER STAUBACH, the nation's outstanding football player in 1963. Staubach is the fourth midshipman since 1909 (the others were H. M. Martin in 1918, W. A. Ingram in 1919 and Joe Bellino in 1961) to win both awards and the first to win the Thompson Trophy three times.

HIRED: HERB HEFT, New York Mets publicity man since November 1963, as public relations director and assistant to the president of the Baltimore Bullets of the NBA.

PROMOTED: West Point's pleba basketball Coach BOB KNIGHT to the head coaching job, replacing Taylor Locke, who will move to Miami (Ohio) University. Knight played on the 1960 Ohio State NCAA championship team with Jerry Lucas and John Havlicek.

SIGNED: An agreement between Columbia's star Quarterback ARCHIE ROBERTS and the Cleveland Browns of the NFL, which will enable Roberts to attend two years of medical school at Western Reserve in Cleveland before he plays for the Browns in 1967.

TRADED: In an eight-player deal, the Toronto Maple Leafs ANDY BATHGATE, 32, an 11-year NHL right wing, to Detroit for MARCEL PRONOVOST, 34, a Red Wing defenseman for 15 seasons. Both players made the NHL's All-Star team four times.

TRADED: New York Ranger Goalie MARCEL PAULIN and three other players to Providence of the AHL for Defenseman-Goalie ED GIACOMIN.

TRADED: Outfielder LEE MAYE of the Milwaukee Braves (.302) to the Houston Astros for right-handed Pitcher KEN JOHNSON (3-2).

RESIGNED: After 27 years as Yale's hockey coach, MURRAY MURDOCH, known during his professional hockey career as Iron Man because of his 600 consecutive games with the New York Rangers between 1926 and 1937. He will become associate business manager of the Yale Athletic Association.

DIED: ERNEST BRANDSTEN, 81, coach of U.S. Olympic swimming and diving teams in the 1924, '28, '32 and '36 Olympics, of a stroke in Sunnyvale, Calif. Brandsten had retired in 1947 after 32 years as swimming and diving coach at Stanford.

CREDITS

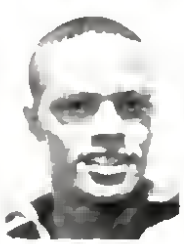
26—Art Shay, Rich ——— 27—Stuart Smith, Ray Stevens; FORTUNE 29—Frank Simonian 30, 31—Lynn Pelham 32, 33—AP 34—Richard Meek 35—Marvin Newman, Tony Triolo 36—AP 50, 51—NBC, Fotomat Hill 54—AP 60—IPI 65—London Daily Express, Pictorial Parade 66—Rich Clarkson 76, 77—John Dominis, LIFE 78—Maine News Bureau 97—AP 98—Ron Imig, Detroit News, Jim Gay—Detroit Post, Jimmy Burns, John Fulcher, Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

FACES IN THE CROWD

CAROL HEADINGTON, a freshman, entered the University of New Mexico's women's intramural track meet at the last minute to help make up a four-girl team and threw the softball 216 feet, 6¾ inches, bettering the previous national college record by 29 feet 6¾ inches.

HOWARD CONFER, a machine-shop operator and member of the Michigan Wreckers shotgun squad, took the all-round title at the Canadian Open Skeet Championships in St. Jansvier, Que. by breaking 489 of a possible 500 targets in four individual events.

KEITH RUSSELL, 17, of Phoenix, who works under U.S. Women's Olympic diving coach Dick Smith, won the national junior AAU indoor three-meter title with 518.15 points. His previous best was third on the one- and three-meter boards in the 1964 outdoor nationals.



JERRY STEVENS of Denver is not only the new Colorado prep pentathlon champ, he also set a state record in the 880 with a 1:56.1 at the state high school track meet. In addition he has the state's best triple jump this year and anchored the fastest 880 relay.

JOHN BAUER, a sophomore right-hander for Kailua High School in Oahu, Hawaii, threw a three-hitter, striking out eight batters, to lead his team to an 11-1 victory over Honolulu's champion Punahou Prep, in the finals of the Hawaii State baseball tournament.

BARBARA PUETT, a P.E. teacher from Austin, won the Texas Women's Public Links Tournament by defeating Mrs. Jean Seale 12 and 10 in the finals in Corpus Christi. She has taken the Austin women's title three times, beating her mother in the 1963 finals.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WRECKER VEECK

Sirs:

I have just read the first part of Bill Veeck's *The Hustler's Handbook* (May 17) and find it indeed a pleasure to see him in literary action again. There will, undoubtedly, be letters flooding your office condemning such seemingly libelous reporting, but this is a letter from one who is hopeful that you will continue giving the public, which is more than mildly interested in executive moves in sport, further articles of this nature.

The present day finds the NCAA-AAU squabble, the television encroachment on baseball and the control of major league hockey ample reasons for a strong, clear voice on this subject. Your magazine is about all we have, so don't stop now.

JIM MCCLOY

Baton Rouge

Sirs:

Hurrah three times for Bill Veeck's scalpel job on Gussie Busch and Ralph Houk, with an added nod to collaborator Ed Linn. If *The Hustler's Handbook* is only 60% accurate, it still exposes Messrs. Busch and Houk for what they are rather than what their cliques portray them to be. While reading Veeck's delicious exposé of last year's post-World Series misadventures, I could recall Houk's unctuous explanation of why Berra was being replaced while he devoutly defended the entire New York Yankee front office.

If I had a vote in selecting the next commissioner of baseball, it would go without hesitation to Bill Veeck, who would bring more freshness and fun to this disintegrating sport than all the current candidates combined. Just think how the stuffed shirts of baseball would revolve in their own orbits if Mr. Veeck were sitting in the driver's seat! But I keep forgetting that baseball is a sport and not a business. Sure it is!

ROBERT G. ERVIN

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Sirs:

In 1962, when Bill Veeck wrote his first book, people treated it in the same fashion they treated Buck Rogers.

It now seems that everything Mr. Veeck wrote is coming true. If people had listened to him then baseball would not have the problems it is having today.

With all Mr. Veeck knows about baseball and its promotion, I for one think he would be the ideal choice for commissioner of baseball.

MAX LEVENSON

Plainfield, N.J.

Sirs:

Low comedy and high intrigue.

Part 1 of *The Hustler's Handbook* by Bill Veeck—great.

Eagerly awaiting the rest. Congratulations!

S. M. ZEBROWSKI

Las Cruces, N. Mex.

Sirs:

I really feel sorry for William Veeck because baseball does not want him, and I agree with them 100%. Just today the boys in my office were talking about his article in this week's SI and were saying, "Remember the time when Veeck was in charge of the St. Louis Browns of the American League and he brought in a midget to play ball one day in a regular scheduled game." We thought it was stupid. I have been a baseball fan for about 55 years and I am not saying that professional baseball owners are all saints, but I do believe they do what they think is best for baseball. I would like you to know that I believe I made a mistake when I subscribed to SI.

R. C. CARRIERE

Albany, N.Y.

Sirs:

To heck with Veeck (as in wreck).

T. R. SLOANE

Indianapolis

FREE LUNCH

Sirs:

In the article *The World Champion Is Refused a Meal* (May 17), George Plimpton has told a blow-by-blow story in a most touching and understanding way. He portrays Mr. Bundini Brown as a man whose qualities should be recognized and pointed out to all the world. Our so-called world champion might take note: his trainer is truly a champion's Champ.

CHET HUNT

Poland, Ohio

Sirs:

Mr. Plimpton's article on the bus-ride travails of Messrs. Cassius Clay and Bundini Brown was both sensitive and beautifully written. It demonstrates how great journalistic art can lend its own high significance to the poignant efforts of these two strong, different personalities to express their own human dignity and worth.

PAUL E. KLINGENSMITH

Philadelphia

Sirs:

May I say, in reference to your story, that Bundini Brown is fighting for a real championship. I congratulate him. He is welcome to eat at my table anytime.

RAY BURLEIGH

Portland, Ore.

TITLE SEARCH

Sirs:

As a former lacrosse defenseman who faced Johns Hopkins University four times on the playing field as a University of Maryland player, once as a Mount Washington Lacrosse Club player, and twice, vicariously when I sent Loyola College teams onto the field while an assistant coach there, I am delighted to see an article featuring a great sport as played by a fine university (*Hopkins Lost a Title and Maybe a Tradition*, May 17). I don't concur, though, in your reporter's judgment as to the meaning of this particular game and its outcome. Lacrosse is growing stronger not only in our Maryland institutions but all over the United States. It is one of the few great team sports where a good little man still has an opportunity to play first string, and can still occasionally make the good big man look not quite as skillful as he should be, perhaps.

JOSEPH D. TYDINGS
U.S. Senate

Washington

Sirs:

Lacrosse has been and always will be a tradition at Hopkins. Hopkins' loss to Navy will never affect the lacrosse tradition at Hopkins. Navy has fielded superior teams in recent years only because of their stepped-up recruiting. Over the years many Navy teams have fallen victim to Hopkins teams, and they will again.

GEORGE M. S. RIEPE

Baltimore

Sirs:

Navy has been a national champion for five years. It appears quite obvious, therefore, that the tradition was broken five years ago, not on May 8, 1965.

M. A. FRITZ
P. J. SHEEDY

Annapolis, Md.

Sirs:

We at the University of Arizona are very proud of our lacrosse team, too. The Wildcats, in their first year of recognized competition, compiled an unbelievable record of 11 wins and no defeats. Included in their first season were two wins over the Air Force Academy and the championship of the Western Collegiate Lacrosse Association.

TONY ROTHSCHILD

Tucson

continued

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Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's fine story about the Navy-Johns Hopkins lacrosse game mentioned the dedication of Hopkins' new athletic center named for Newton H. White. I think your readers might like to know that this career Navy man was one of the Navy's early aviators and later became the commissioning captain of one of our first real aircraft carriers, U.S.S. *Enterprise*. Before his death in 1958, good fortune and astute management of his affairs enabled Captain White to endow four scholarships at Hopkins.

DEAN HILL JR.

New York City

NET COST

Sirs:

Congratulations on Joe Jares' fine coverage of the National Volleyball Championships in Omaha (*Wising Up to a Down Game*, May 17). Although volleyball is 70 years old, the U.S. is still far behind other countries. In the majority of school physical education programs, volleyball rules are not taught at all and if rules are used they are usually made up by the instructor. I doubt if 20% of the physical education teachers in the nation's institutions, public, private and voluntary, know the official United States Volleyball Association's rules, or even that official rules exist for volleyball. There is no excuse for the present level of play when you consider the cost factor—you can teach 100 youngsters volleyball for what it would cost you to outfit one football player.

OONALD L. DEAL

La Grange, Ill.

Sirs:

In the average high school the varsity basketball team may use only 10 to 16 of a total male enrollment of 200 to 600. I think it can be safely surmised that this does not include the total number of individuals available that could pass the physical requirements for volleyball. The uniforms worn are the same as in basketball, and nets and balls are generally standard—although little used—equipment at most high schools. Volleyball would not be a burden on the athletic budget of most high schools and could offer varsity sport participation to a larger number of students. A greater national interest in this worldwide and Olympic sport must originate from an expanded base in our high schools.

RICHARD C. HALL

Palo Alto, Calif.

Sirs:

Maybe this article—and hopefully more like it in the future—will change the naive stereotype that many people, outside the beach culture, have of this sport as a "sissy" game.

ALAN SEGAL

San Francisco

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

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YESTERDAY

An Ump Stole Home from Pete Reiser

The date was Saturday, May 25, 1946, and the visiting Brooklyn Dodgers were pleasantly occupied in beating the perennially second-division Phillies for the 14th straight time in what was then known as Shibe Park in Philadelphia. Some 10,000 fans were on hand—several hundred of them from Brooklyn.

Came the third inning and Harold Patrick Reiser, who had been dubbed Pistol Pete in his early youth, whacked a double off the far right-field wall to score Eddie Stanky with the Dodgers' fourth run. On an infield out, Pete moved to third base and, with two out, Augie Galan came to bat. By that time Hugh Mulcahy was the Phillie pitcher, Reiser's double having sent Tom Hughes to the showers.

Almost immediately, Reiser, spotting some lack of alertness on Mulcahy's part, broke for home. Galan swung at the last second, and Andy Seminick, the 25-year-old bald-headed catcher who, when the Whiz Kids won the pennant four years later, was nicknamed Grandpa Whiz, tipped Galan's bat.

Reiser slid home untagged, and only seconds later there erupted a rhubarb. The plate umpire, Al Barlick, had waved Reiser safe on a steal and awarded Galan first base on the catcher's interference. Ben Chapman, the Phillies' manager, burst from the dugout in full voice and, loudly supported by Seminick and other Phillies, assailed Barlick for allowing the run to score. The basis of the protest wasn't clear, but the umpire's decision was quite clear: Reiser had stolen home, and the run counted.

Because of inaccuracies in statistics in those days, it was believed that Reiser had thus tied the major league record by stealing home for the fourth time. Actually, there were two players who were ahead of him. Phillie Manager Chapman had stolen home five times in 1931 while with the Yankees. A few months ago, however, it was deter-

continued

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Pete Reiser (continued)

mined that the real record holder was Bobby Roth, who stole home six times in 1917 for the Indians.

With the season still so young, though, Reiser had a chance to break all records, both known and unknown. He did just that, and when the 1947 record book came out Reiser indisputably had a line all to himself under the caption Most times stealing home, season: "7—Harold P. Reiser, Brooklyn NL, 1946."

Nineteen years later he still has that line—a unique record that is much less likely to be tied or broken than dozens of others that are more often discussed.

As a matter of fact, Pete should be credited with eight thefts of home in 1946—that is, if it were possible for an umpire who readily admits an *error* of judgment (as many of them have done) to reverse his call.

The Dodgers were playing the Chicago Cubs in Wrigley Field on July 13, battling to retain or increase their three-and-a-half-game first-place lead over the St. Louis Cardinals.

In the fifth inning, with two out, Reiser blasted the ball high off the vine-covered left center-field wall for a triple that drove in two runs and gave the Dodgers a 3–0 lead. The hit also drove Claude Passeau out of the game and brought in Bob Chipman, a lefthander. It looked like a perfect setup for what would have been Pete's sixth steal of home—and it was, except for big George Magerkurth, the plate umpire.

With Dixie Walker at bat, Pete, after a couple of long dashes off third base, suddenly came all the way, and was almost home before Chipman hastily delivered the pitch. Reiser, as he had done on many occasions, hit the dirt on the foul side of the plate and, avoiding Clyde McCullough's tag attempt, slapped his left hand on the plate as he scooted by. Up went Mage's right arm in a majestic "out" signal.

"As Magerkurth gestured 'You're out,' " Pete recalls, "in the same breath he said, 'I missed that one!' "

At the time Pete protested the decision vehemently, and so did Dixie Walker. They joined in the noise their teammates created, but their hearts were not really in it.

"Heck, how could we squawk much?" said Pete later. "You can't very well blast an ump who admits he blew one before you can even open your trap."

—Roscoe McGowen

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